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THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

By . . .
RICHARD STERN

CHARLIE first met Lee the morning she returned to the plane factory after her vacation. Prowling the drafting room after a two-hour conference with his assistant project engineers, Charlie suddenly caught sight of her perched on her high stool with a sharp pencil in her hand and her curly hair rumpled, bent over an opened blueprint.

She was frowning at the print as if she did not like what she saw there.

Charlie leaned against a pillar and watched her idly for a moment, and then he saw the badge clipped to the waistband of her trousers and saw, by its shape, that she was not a clerk or a draftsman, but a salaried engineer, and the realisation jarred him with more than casual force.

He peremptorily summoned Bert Tukes, the equipment group engineer, and together they stood in the cover of the pillar. Charlie pointed cautiously.

"Who," he demanded, "is that? The one with the hair?"

"That," said Bert, "is the genius who thought up and laid out the air-conditioning system you've been gloating over."

Charlie eyed him severely, but found no levity. "Andrews," he said slowly. "Lee Andrews."

Bert nodded. "She's been on vacation since before you came back. You left her on the staff, as a matter of fact, when you swung your axe and laid off half my people."

"I left Lee Andrews on the basis of the air-conditioning idea," Charlie said. He peered round the pillar again. "But she's a woman." And his tone clearly implied fraud.

Bert nodded solemnly. "I've noticed that myself," he said dryly.

Charlie rubbed his lean face pensively.

Bert called, "Lee!" He saw the sudden frown on Charlie's face, but he ignored it and beckoned to the girl. She climbed off her stool and came over to them, a slim, proud, graceful figure, with the frown still on her smooth face and her short, curly hair still rumpled.

"This," said Bert, "is the legendary C. Peters, our new project boss, back at Atlas again after settling the recent international unpleasantness. Miss Andrews, Mr. Peters."

Lee said politely, "How do you do, Mr. Peters?"

Charlie nodded and clung to his pillar and glared at Bert.

"You'd better watch those glasses," said Lee. "They do break, you know."

Pretty girls have no right to be clever, he thought indignantly

Bert looked from Charlie to the girl and back again. "Mr. Peters is happy about your air-conditioning ideas, Lee," he said finally. "He is not happy about your sex. Mr. Peters is shy," he added, "so I speak for him."

Charlie said grimly, "I wish you'd shut up, Bert."

There was a silence. Lee stood quietly, her hands relaxed at her sides and her slim shoulders square.

"I—uh—I like your air-conditioning design," Charlie blurted out at length.

"But you don't like my sex," Lee snapped, "and I don't know what I can do to change it." Her smooth face was set and there was deep anger in her eyes.

Bert gestured airily. "I think we've settled about all we can at this meeting," he said. "We'd better break it up." He walked off, and Lee followed him. Charlie loosed hold of his pillar and went brooding back to his office.

He sat for a time and then he buzzed for his secretary and asked her to bring him the file on air-conditioning. When it was on his desk he went through the correspondence from the airlines and through the Atlas replies and the half-dozen tentative design presentations, none of which was worth the powder and shot to blow it up, a fact which the airline correspondence pointed out with emphasis.

Charlie squirmed and dug farther through the file and found the inter-departmental communications from the sales branch, pointing out to the engineering department that in the face of rival company promises to these same airlines, Atlas had better whip up something to keep the passengers cool and warm and happy in the air and on the ground, or just forget the whole thing and trot out a design for a good washing machine.

He put the file aside, dragged out the new design layouts and isometrics and studied them with care. They were good. They were first-class. They were not startling, not revolutionary, but they were sound. The airlines would like the new design; the sales department would like it. And at the bottom of each layout, written in neat, capable lettering, was the name Lee Andrews.

Charlie frowned, and thought unpleasant thoughts about women who forsook their femininity to invade man's domain. In fact, he decided, there ought to be a law against it. He was still frowning when the phone rang.

"Peters," he said.

It was Jones, the tough little chief project engineer.

"Sales," said Jones, "is shouting for help. Again. They have a couple of buyers with fat cheques in their pockets and a yen to buy some planes. Sales wants to know have we any new gimmicks up our sleeve that might clinch the deal."

Charlie said slowly: "Like an air-conditioning design?"

There was silence for a moment. Then Jones said: "I've seen a lot of proposals in the last five years, and none of them was fit to air-condition a dog-kennel. Which one have you in mind?"

"A new one," Charlie said. "A brand-new one that will work." He hoped he was right. The design looked good enough. "Will that do it?" he asked.

"It'll do it," Jones said slowly. "If you're right, that is. These buyers aren't stupid." He paused for a moment. "All right," he said finally. "I'll call sales and tell them to bring their pigeons to you."

Charlie said: "You want to see the layouts first?"

"No," Jones said flatly. "You're the project engineer. If I can't trust your judgment, I'd better find it out now."

"Thanks," said Charlie.

Jones grunted. "Don't mention it. They'll be here after lunch, I imagine."

"I'll be waiting," said Charlie.

"You'd better be," said Jones. He hung up.

Please turn to page 4

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—the line
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There Ought To Be A Law

Continued from page 3

CHARLIE hung up and drew a deep breath and let it out in a silent prayer. Then he sent for Bert Tukes, and while he was waiting the phone rang again.

It was Marilyn this time. Bert's wife. "You're a hound, Charlie Peters," she said. "You've been back all this time and I've sat here and waited and nary a peep out of you. Bert tells me you're flying high and wide and handsome, the complete executive."

Charlie murmured incoherently. "I've been busy," he said lamely.

"And you're not even original," said Marilyn. "I've mothered you for ten years now, and what do I get out of it? Are you contrite?"

Charlie admitted that he was.

"All right," Marilyn went on ruthlessly. "Then you trot over here for dinner to-night and tell me how sorry you are."

"I—" Charlie began.

"No argument," Marilyn snapped. "You be here with bells on at seven o'clock sharp. And don't be late because Bert has invented a cocktail the like of which you've never seen, and you'll need time to absorb it before my dinner spoils."

Charlie lifted his shoulders and let them fall resignedly. "Thanks, Marilyn," he said. "I'd love to come."

He set the phone back in its cradle and swallowed twice and looked up. Bert stood in the door, his pipe in his mouth, grinning broadly.

"She has a way of cutting you down to size, hasn't she?" he asked "It pleases me to see her work on someone else for a change."

Charlie shook his head helplessly. And then he sat up straight and gestured toward the layouts on his desk.

"This had better be good," he said. And he explained his talk with Jones. When he finished Bert nodded and his eyes twinkled.

"Lee has the details," he said. "She'll sell these buyers like shooting fish in a rain barrel."

Charlie glared. "That's just what I don't want," he snapped. "You think they'll appreciate having a woman explaining technical data?"

"Possibly," Bert said slowly, "they aren't completely narrow-minded. Possibly they think a woman can have some brains, too." He took his pipe out of his mouth and waved it airily. "Anyway," he said, "that's beside the point. You want this design explained. I've gone over it with Lee, but I haven't the details. She has, and she's the only one."

Charlie continued to glare. "It's most annoying," he said finally.

"Yes," said Bert, "and then again, no."

. . . . .

The sales people herded their pigeons, bulging with luncheon, into Charlie's office at three o'clock. He decided at once that Jones had been right, that the prospective buyers were not stupid.

Claude O'Donnell sat quietly with his freckled hands clasped across his waistcoat, and listened to the talk and missed nothing. George Falway talked volubly, but his eyes were shrewd, and he took in the charts on the wall behind Charlie's desk with one understanding glance.

O'Donnell got down to cases. "Your Mr. Jones," he said, "has told us of an air-conditioning design. We are quite interested in that."

"Quite interested," Falway agreed.

Charlie nodded. Bert and Lee stood at the door of the office. He waved them in and the two visitors rose immediately and looked at Lee with politeness. Charlie took a deep breath.

"This is Miss Andrews," he said. "Miss Andrews is the design engineer on the job. She will explain the design." He took the papers from behind his chair and handed them to Lee. O'Donnell and Falway remained standing and the silence was uncomfortable.

Bert looked at Charlie over the top of his glasses.

It was Falway who took the lead. He bowed slightly to Lee. "My name is Falway," he said. "And this is my associate, Mr. O'Donnell."

"Thank you," said Lee. "This is Mr. Tukes." Her face was white and strained, but her voice was steady. She ignored Charlie, who got tardily out of his chair and picked up first one foot and then the other while Lee spread out the papers and the guests gathered round.

Lee pointed with her pencil. "We have tapped into the cabin pressurisation system at this point," she began, "for ease in servicing and in installation . . ."

Charlie watched her and listened to her quiet, steady voice and followed her moving pencil. He found himself, surprisingly, concentrating on her smooth presentation and forgetting that she was a woman and that she had no right to know these things and no right to explain them so well.

He listened carefully, watchfully, as a project engineer should, glancing occasionally at Falway and O'Donnell to see if they were following. He was unaware of Bert's eyes, studying him with amusement.

Once he interrupted without thought of embarrassment.

"Excuse me, Lee," he said, and even his first direct use of her name rang no alarm in his mind. "I think it would be well if you enlarged a little on the auxiliary power plant. Type and method of installation and weight." He said it without criticism, helpfully.

Lee said, "Thank you." She smiled briefly and raised her eyes and then realised that it was he who had spoken, and the smile died. "The auxiliary power plant," she said emotionlessly, "is located in the wing fillet, mounted on this door for easy access . . ."

There was silence when she finished. She straightened from the desk and looked at the prospective buyers. Her left hand was clenched hard at her side. "Are there any questions?" she asked, and it seemed to be an effort to hold her voice steady.

Falway was smiling. He shook his head. "If all the explanations I have heard had been as lucid, Miss Andrews," he said, "I should never have had to ask a question. The installation is perfectly clear."

"The design is sound," said O'Donnell. He turned to Charlie. "When can we have aircraft equipped with this?"

Bert said quietly, "I don't think you need us any longer, Charlie." His hand held Lee's arm comfortingly. He nodded to the two men. "It's been a pleasure," he said.

Falway and O'Donnell bowed. Falway was still smiling at Lee, and Charlie felt a sudden, ridiculous urge to knock him down.

Lee smiled back tightly. She followed the pressure of Bert's hand and went gratefully out of the office and into the drafting room.

Bert took a big white handkerchief out of his breast pocket. He handed it to her. "Lee," he said, "you were magnificent and C. Peters is on the ropes. To-night he'll eat crow. Now hop off to the little girl's room and cry off your nervousness, and when you come back we'll connive further."

Charlie stayed late in his office after the sales people and the prospective buyers had departed. He sat at his desk with project matters stacked high in front of him, but he ignored them and stared, instead, at the blank wall.

It was six o'clock when Jones came in, in hat and overcoat.

"Sales thought to call me," he said without preamble. "They tell me you pulled it off"

Charlie's eyes came off the wall. He looked at Jones blankly for a moment and then he jerked his head backward. "It's a good design," he said.

"So sales told me," Jones said. "It was well done," he added, which was all the praise he could allow himself, and even that little hurt. He looked at his watch to cover his embarrassment. "It's time for dinner. Let's get out of here."

"Dinner," Charlie said. He sat up straight. "Dinner! Marilyn'll scalp me."

He looked at his watch, grabbed his overcoat, and scuttled out of the office.

Please turn to page 10

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Home Was Never Like This

By . . .

WILLARD TEMPLE

MR. HOOLEY'S house, located half - way along the street, stood out like a mongrel in a group of show dogs.

It had pleasing lines, but here and there missing slates gave it a partially bald-headed appearance.

The shutters hung askew, and over the years the white paint had blistered and peeled, and finally what remained of it turned a dingy grey.

The grass had long since succumbed to weeds, and the fence did an eccentric dance across the front lawn with boards missing here and there.

Years before the house had been the only one in the road until an enterprising young builder, with an eye on the new bus service, bought the land around it and put up new homes.

He had tried to buy out Mr. Hooley and had failed. Mr. Hooley was a man who knew his rights.

The development was completed, people moved into the gleaming houses all round him, and Mr. Hooley stayed put.

His house was a disgrace to the neighborhood. Everyone worried about it. Except Mr. Hooley.

Now and then a neighbor tried to do something about it, dropping a friendly word over the fence. But Mr. Hooley always stared with a fishy eye, singularly obtuse.

All that, of course, happened before the war. During the actual war years the Hooley house held its head high with an air of dilapidated patriotism.

But with the war over and the men coming home, the sound of the lawn-mower was again heard in the land. It seemed, to the defeated and exasperated women of the Hooley household, that each returning warrior had no sooner kissed the wife and patted the baby than he was running up ladders with precious little pots of lead paint, and hammering, sawing, and chiselling away the dilapidations of the past years.

Once again the Hooley house became conspicuous for its drabness.

Mrs. Hooley kept the inside spick and span. Patience was one of her virtues, but it was not so evident in daughter Marion, who was small and vivacious, with wavy hair and some of her father's stubbornness.

"It's humiliating," she said to her mother one night. "The house gets worse and worse. I hate to ask my friends to come here. If Daddy doesn't do something soon, I'll start meeting them in town."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Hooley, coming in the front door at this instant. "No daughter of mine is going flibberty-gibbering round town at night. You come home."

"But, Daddy," Marion protested, almost in tears, "this house is a disgrace."

Mr. Hooley looked sourly at her. "All right, throw it up in my face. That's the kind of a daughter I've got. Throws it up in my face I'm not fit to be a father. Haven't got enough money."

"Oh, Daddy," Marion said, "it isn't that. But we could certainly afford to have the house painted."

"Throwing money down a rat hole," said Mr. Hooley. "I'm not putting out my hard-earned money to make a show to please the neighbors."

"So we'll just stay here until the roof falls in," said Marion, giving up. "I'll be an old maid all my days."

"Painting up the house isn't going to get you a husband," said Mr. Hooley, not unkindly. "No boy friend is going to marry a streamlined kitchen. It's your face he'll fall in love with."

Marion was cheered by this statement, but not much. She gave up the battle and went out into the kitchen to help prepare dinner. It was served and eaten in a sombre mood. After the dishes were cleared away the doorbell rang.

Mr. Hooley opened the door and scowled at the sandy-haired, athletic-looking young man who stood on the threshold.

"My name's Mayhew," said the young man, with an engaging grin.

"What about it?" said Mr. Hooley.

The grin stayed on. "Nothing," said the young man, "except that I'm in the estate business. I was wondering if you would consider selling this house."

"This rat trap?" said Mr. Hooley. "This pile of junk? Who'd want this?"

"Any number of people," said Mr. Mayhew. "There's a housing shortage, you know. People are desperate for homes. Suppose you let me go through the house, and then I can tell you what it's worth in to-day's market."

Mr. Hooley grudgingly assented.

Marion had come forward, and Mr. Mayhew's eyes suddenly opened very wide. Mr. Mayhew seemed about to speak, and then thought better of it.

"I'll show him through, Daddy," Marion said.

Marion and young Mayhew went through the house and finally returned.

"It's a sound house, Mr. Hooley," Mr. Mayhew declared. "I guarantee you fifteen hundred pounds."

Mr. Hooley whistled. "But I only gave seven-fifty for it—and that was fifteen years ago."

"I could sell it to-morrow," said Mr. Mayhew. "How about it?"

Mr. Hooley stared at him. Finally, he turned to Mrs. Hooley. "We could make something on the old wreck," he declared. "And move in with your old—with your mother."

"She has plenty of room," Mrs. Hooley said. "She'd love to have us."

"Look," said Mr. Hooley, off at a tangent, "suppose the place was done up outside?"

"A paint job would naturally increase the value," Mr. Mayhew agreed.

Mr. Hooley bit down hard on his pipe. "I could paint it myself. Cost me only a few pounds, and we could put the price up by fifty. See me later, young fellow."

Marion escorted Mr. Mayhew outside, ostensibly to show him the front garden.

The next day was Saturday, and Mr. Hooley was in town by nine in the morning. He returned an hour later lugging gallon tins of paint. Brushes protruded from a hip pocket. Half an hour later a lorry dumped some boards in the front garden, and Mr. Hooley went to work repairing an old ladder.

Some time later he was about to mount it, when one of his neighbors came by and stopped to stare as though he couldn't trust his eyesight.

"You're painting the house, Mr. Hooley?" he asked incredulously.

Mr. Hooley pushed back his hat. "No, I'm climbing up here for my health," he said.

Marion came out in slacks and jersey and went to work painting the shutters that Mr. Hooley had removed. An hour later Mr. Mayhew arrived.

"Got a spare brush, Mr. Hooley?" he called. "I have some time off."

Mr. Hooley looked suspiciously at him and pointed to a brush. Mr. Mayhew went to work, choosing a section of the house in close proximity to Marion. Mr. Hooley heard something to the effect that Mr. Mayhew had recently been discharged from the Army and was now trying to carve out a career in the estate agency business.

Marion and Mr. Mayhew knocked off at six to go out to tea and the pictures. After a hasty sandwich, Mr. Hooley returned to his labors and painted until darkness drove him inside.

"Needs two coats," he said to his wife, who was keeping something hot on the side of the stove.

He painted all the next day. Mr. Mayhew appeared at ten, and he and Marion offered themselves as assistants, although whenever Mr. Hooley peered down at them from the ladder they seemd to be laughing at each other, the brushes idle in their hands. Mr. Mayhew had not even removed his coat. "Get on with the job," he called to them jokingly.

Mr. Hooley returned to the office on Monday morning, and painted every evening until the following week-end. And that Sunday he finished the second coat.

"Of course, the roof looks bad," said Mr. Mayhew.

"I'm doing up that, too," said Mr. Hooley. "Taking my holiday. Beginning to-morrow."

"With an improved roof," Mayhew said, "we can get another hundred. I've spoken to a few customers on my waiting list. Told them there's a house that will be on the market soon. I'd rather not bring them out until it's all in shape."

Mr. Hooley wandered over towards the hedge to survey his handiwork. The man who lived next door bobbed up with a glass of beer in either hand, and pressed one on Mr. Hooley.

"Nice-looking place," he said. "One of the nicest in the road, Mr. Hooley, when you get her freshened up."

"You think so?" said Mr. Hooley, suspiciously eyeing the beer as though it might contain poison.

He drank it. Nothing was wrong with it.

Please turn to page 25

"Get on with the job," he called jokingly to the laughing couple below.

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ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

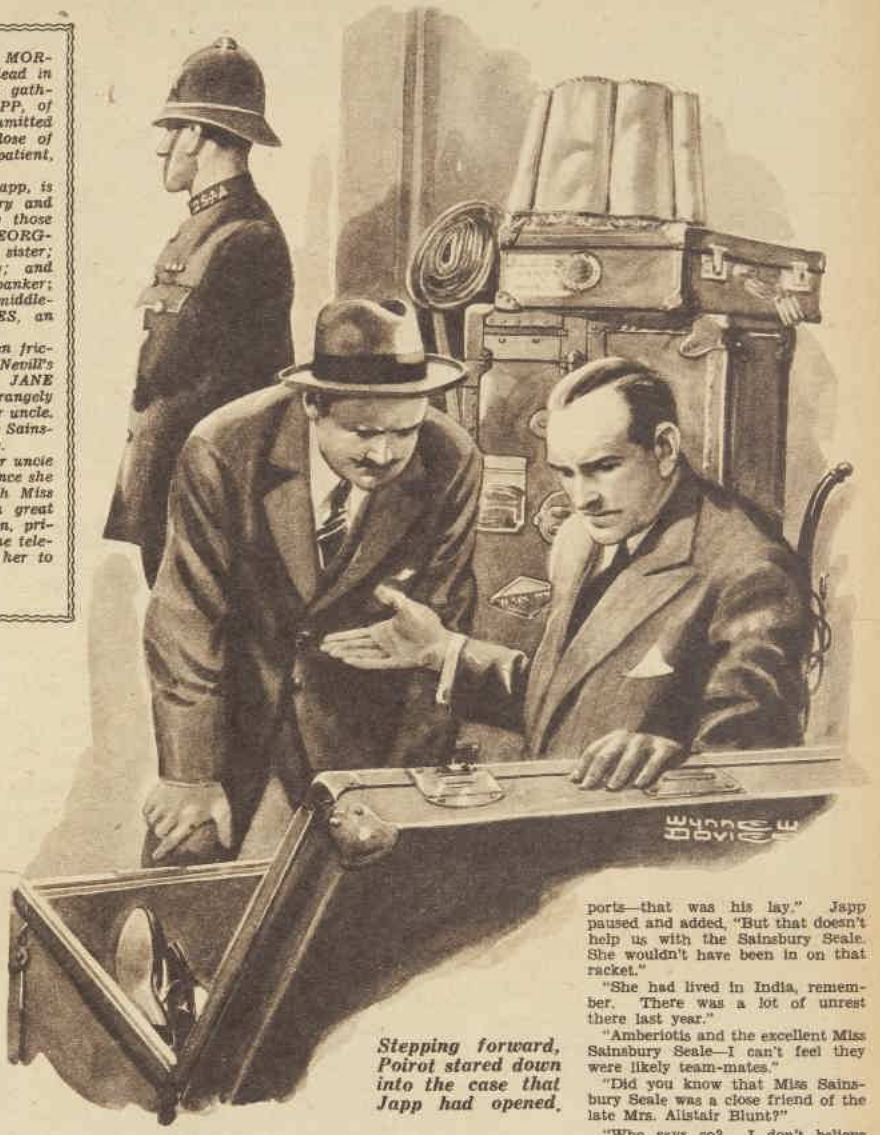
WHEN dentist HENRY MORLEY is found shot dead in his surgery, evidence gathered by CHIEF INSPECTOR JAPP, of Scotland Yard, indicates that he committed suicide after giving a fatal overdose of an injection to a wealthy Greek patient, AMBERIOTIS.

HERCULE POIROT, assisting Japp, is dissatisfied with the suicide theory and continues investigations. Among those interviewed by the two men are GEORGINA MORLEY, the dead man's sister; GLADYS NEVILL, his secretary; and patients ALISTAIR BLUNT, noted banker; MISS SAINSBURY SEALE, vague middle-aged spinster; HOWARD RAIKES, an American; and a MR. BARNES.

Poirot learns that there had been friction between Morley and Gladys Nevill's fiance, FRANK CARTER, while JANE OLIVERA, Blunt's niece, seems strangely roused by the two men's visit to her uncle. Further complicating the case, Miss Sainsbury Seale disappears mysteriously.

At Jane's request Poirot visits her uncle a second time, and in Blunt's presence she tells of a trivial incident in which Miss Sainsbury Seale claimed to be a great friend of Blunt's late wife. Then, privately, she asks Poirot why, over the telephone, he said that he expected her to call him.

Now read column 1:—



Stepping forward, Poirot stared down into the case that Japp had opened.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

HERCULE POIROT smiled. He spread out his hands and said softly, "I meant just that, Mademoiselle. I was expecting a call from you—and the call came."

"You mean that you knew I'd ring up about the Sainsbury Seale woman."

Poirot shook his head.

"That was only the pretext. You could have found something else if necessary."

"Why should I call you up?"

"Why should you deliver this tit-bit of information about Miss Sainsbury Seale to me instead of giving it to Scotland Yard? That would have been the natural thing to do."

"All right, Mr. Know All, how much exactly do you know?"

"I know that you are interested in me since you heard that I paid a visit to the Holborn Palace Hotel the other day."

She went so white that it startled him. He had not believed that that deep tan could change to such a greenish hue.

He went on, quietly and steadily: "You got me to come here to-day because you wanted to pump me—that is the expression, is it not?—yes to pump me on the subject of Mr. Howard Raikes."

"Who's he, anyway?" Jane said. It was not a very successful parry.

"You do not need to pump me, Mademoiselle," Poirot said. "I will tell you what I know—or rather what I guessed. That first day that we came here, Inspector Japp and I, you were startled to see us—alarmed. You thought something had happened to your uncle. Why?"

"Well, he's the kind of man things might happen to. He had a bomb by post one day. And he gets lots of threatening letters."

Poirot went on: "Chief Inspector Japp told you that a certain dentist, Mr. Morley, had been shot. You may recollect your answer. You said, 'But that's absurd.' "

Jane bit her lip.

"Did I? That was rather absurd of me, wasn't it?"

"It was a curious remark, Mademoiselle. It revealed that you knew of the existence of Mr. Morley, that you had rather expected something to happen—not to happen to him—but possibly to happen in his house."

"You do like telling yourself stories, don't you?"

Poirot paid no attention.

"You had expected—or rather you had feared—that something might happen at Mr. Morley's house. You had feared that that something would have happened to your uncle. But if so, you must know something that we did not know. I reflected on the people who had been in Mr. Morley's house that day, and I seized at once on the one person who might possibly be acquainted with you—which was that young American Mr. Howard Raikes."

"It's just like a serial, isn't it? What's the next thrilling instalment?"

"I went to see Mr. Howard Raikes. He is a dangerous and attractive young man——"

Poirot paused expressively.

Jane said meditatively, "He is, isn't he?" She smiled. "All right! You win! I was scared stiff."

She leaned forward.

"I'm going to tell you things, M. Poirot. You're not the kind one can just string along. I'd rather tell you than have you snooping round finding out. I love that man, Howard Raikes. I'm just crazy about him. My mother brought me over here to get me away from him. Partly that and partly because she hopes Uncle Alistair might get fond enough of me to leave me his money when he dies."

She paused, then went on: "Mother is his niece by marriage. Her mother was Rebecca Arnholt's sister. He's my great-uncle-in-law. Only he hasn't got any near relatives of his own, so mother doesn't see why we shouldn't be his residuary legatees. She cadges from him pretty freely, too." She smiled.

"You see, I'm being frank with you, M. Poirot. That's the kind of people we are. Actually we've got plenty of money ourselves—an indecent amount, according to Howard's ideas—but we're not in Uncle Alistair's class."

She struck with one hand fiercely on the arm of her chair.

"How can I make you understand? Everything I've been brought up to believe in, Howard abominates and wants to do away with. And sometimes, you know, I feel like he does. I'm fond of Uncle Alistair, but he gets on my nerves sometimes. He's so stodgy—so British—so cautious and conservative. I feel sometimes that he and his kind ought to be swept away, that they are blocking progress—that without them we'd get things done!"

"You are a convert to Mr. Raikes' ideas?"

"I am—and I'm not. Howard is—is wilder than most of his crowd. There are people, you know, who—who agree with Howard up to a point. They would be willing to—to try things—if Uncle Alistair and his crowd would agree. But they never will! They just sit back and shake their heads and say: 'We could never risk that.' And 'Look at history.' But that's looking back. One must look forward all the time."

"It is an attractive vision?" Poirot said gently.

Jane looked at him scornfully.

"You say that too!"

"Perhaps because I am old. Their old men have dreams—only dreams, you see."

He paused and then asked in a matter-of-fact voice: "Why did Mr. Howard Raikes make that appointment in Queen Charlotte Street?"

"Because I wanted him to meet Uncle Alistair and I couldn't see otherwise how to manage it. He'd been so bitter about Uncle Alistair—so full of—of—well, hate, really, that I felt if he could only see him—see what a nice kindly unassuming person he was—that—that he would feel differently . . . I couldn't arrange a meeting here because of mother—she would have spoilt everything."

"But after having made that arrangement you were—afraid."

Her eyes grew wide and dark.

"Yes. Because—because—sometimes Howard gets carried away. He—he——"

"He wants to take a short cut," Poirot said. "To exterminate——"

Jane Olivera cried: "Don't!"

. . . . .

Time went on. It was over a month since Mr. Morley's death, and there was still no news of Miss Sainsbury Seale. Japp became increasingly wrathful on the subject.

"Dash it all, Poirot, the woman's got to be somewhere."

"Indubitably."

"Either she's dead or alive. If she's dead, where's her body? Say, for instance, she committed suicide——"

"Another suicide?"

"Don't let's get back to that. You still say Morley was murdered—I say it was suicide."

"You haven't traced the pistol?"

"No, it's a foreign make."

"That is suggestive, is it not?"

"Not in the way you mean. Morley had been abroad. He went on cruises, he and his sister. Everybody in the British Isles goes on cruises. He may have picked it up abroad. Lots of people like a gun when they're abroad. They like to feel life's dangerous."

He paused and said, "Don't sidetrack me. I was saying that if—only if, mind you—that woman committed suicide, if she'd drowned herself, for instance, the body would have come ashore by now. If she was murdered, the same thing."

"Not if a weight was attached to her body and it was put into the Thames."

"And she was done to death by an international gang of crooks, I suppose?"

Poirot sighed.

"I have been told lately that there really are such things," he said.

"Who told you so?"

"Mr. Reginald Barnes, of Castlegardens Road, Ealing."

"Well, he might know," said Japp dubiously. "He dealt with aliens when he was at the Home Office."

"And you do not agree?"

"It isn't my branch—oh, yes, there are such things—but they're rather futile as a rule."

There was a momentary silence.

"We've got one or two additional bits of information," Japp went on. "She came home from India on the same boat as Amberiotis. But she was second class and he was first, so I don't suppose there's anything in that, although one of the waiters at the Savoy thinks she lunched there with him about a week or so before he died. He was pretty sure of it, in fact."

"So there may have been a connection between them?"

"There may—but I can't feel it's likely. I can't see a missionary woman being mixed up in any funny business."

"Was Amberiotis mixed up in any 'funny business' as you term it?"

"Yes, he was. He was in close touch with some of our Central European friends. Espionage racket."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes. Oh, he wasn't doing any of the dirty work himself. We wouldn't have been able to touch him. Organising and receiving reports—that was his lay." Japp paused and added, "But that doesn't help us with the Sainsbury Seale. She wouldn't have been in on that racket."

"She had lived in India, remember. There was a lot of unrest there last year."

"Amberiotis and the excellent Miss Sainsbury Seale—I can't feel they were likely team-mates."

"Did you know that Miss Sainsbury Seale was a close friend of the late Mrs. Alistair Blunt?"

"Who says so? I don't believe it. Not in the same class."

"She said so."

"Who'd she say that to?"

"Mr. Alistair Blunt."

"Oh! That sort of thing. He must be used to that lay. Do you mean that Amberiotis was using her that way? It wouldn't work. Blunt would get rid of her with a subscription."

This was so palpably true that Poirot could only agree. After a minute or two Japp went on with his summing-up of the Sainsbury Seale situation.

"I suppose her body might have been lowered into a tank of acid by a mad scientist—that's another solution they're very fond of in books! But take my word for it, these things are all my eye and Betty Martin. If the woman is dead, her body has just been quietly buried somewhere."

"But where?"

"Exactly. She disappeared in London. Nobody's got a garden there—not a proper one. A lonely chicken farm, that's what we want!"

A garden! Poirot's mind flashed suddenly to that neat prim garden at Ealing with its formal beds. How fantastic if a dead woman should be buried there! He told himself not to be absurd.

"And if she isn't dead," went on Japp. "Where is she? Over a month now, description published in the Press, circulated all over England——"

"And nobody has seen her?"

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ROYAL WARDROBES
for South African tour

● Reproduced on this page are Norman Hartnell's color sketches of some of the clothes he made for the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret to wear in South Africa.

● *Princess Elizabeth. White pique suit (right) with turquoise-blue and white spotted blouse, worn with white accessories and hat by Aage Thaarup.*

● *Princess Margaret. China - blue crepe frock (left) trimmed with white broderie anglaise.*

● *Princess Elizabeth. Grey-blue wool dress with saw-edged hemline and sash - ends. Crown garland off-the-face hat of blue leaves.*

● *Princess Margaret. Tailored wild-rose wool afternoon dress trimmed with white pique.*

● *The Queen. Apricot-pink wool frock worn with a matching full length coat.*

● *Mist-blue frock trimmed with South African ostrich feathers to tone, and ostrich feather and tulle hat, to be worn by the Queen on her arrival (right).*

● *Princess Elizabeth. Lettuce-green crepe ensemble and hat trimmed with lily of the valley (left).*

● *The Queen. White chiffon afternoon reception frock trimmed with white ostrich feather (right).*

● *Princess Elizabeth. White jersey matt velvet-finished evening frock embroidered with scarlet and cyclamen paillettes.*

● *The Queen. Aquamarine slipper satin robe de style with off-the-shoulder swathed neckline, small peplum, and full flowing skirt.*

● *The Queen. Black dinner dress of tulle appliqued with Chantilly and Valenciennes lace. The full skirt is caught with a lace and tulle sash.*

● *The Queen. Crinoline reception gown of oyster satin. Pearls and copper embroider the quilted skirt and antique lace at neckline.*

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THESE FABRICS

chosen by the Queen and Princesses

• *PIECES of the fabrics chosen for their South African tour by the Queen and the two Princesses were supplied to The Australian Women's Weekly. Some of them, photographed in color, are shown above. At right, color study of the Royal Family at Windsor.*

BEAUTIFUL fabrics, many of them specially woven and printed, which have been chosen by the Queen and the two Princesses for their tour of South Africa, reflect great credit on British craftsmanship.

British designers, Molyneux and Hartnell, and an Australian, Miss Avis Ford, have designed their clothes.

The Royal ladies have never planned wardrobes of greater interest to Australia. They are the first clothes they have chosen for a climate like ours since the Princesses grew out of their simple childhood prints.

The Queen's wardrobe includes specially woven pure silk crepes in turquoise, mist-grey, dark grey, and dusty-pink, and a lovely white crepe gown for the opening of Parliament. Her wool ensembles include one in a diagonal weave fabric in Dubonnet red, and another is a pale Parma violet frock and full-length coat.

The Queen's evening frocks include one in heavy gold crepe, and another in a blue-and-yellow printed fine wool.

Afternoon frocks for the Princesses are all in flower prints or plain pastels.

Their morning frocks are in tie silk with polka dot and white organdie collars and cuffs—blue for Princess Elizabeth and pink for Princess Margaret.

Evening frocks are all pastel—a dusty-pink taffeta grande robe de soir, forget-me-not blue faille, shell-pink lace over pink angel skin for Princess Elizabeth; bouffant sky-blue net, pink chiffon, and Swiss embroidered white organdie dance frocks and a printed crepe dinner-frock in large floral design on white for Princess Margaret.

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There Ought To Be A Law

CHARLIE arrived at Bert's house at three minutes past seven. Marilyn met him at the door. She was a plump little woman, with a smooth, healthy face, and greying hair and eyes that crackled happily. She sidestepped Charlie's extended hand and closed in and went on tiptoe to reach his lips.

"There," she said. "When you're rich and famous I can say I was the first woman after your mother to kiss you." She closed the door behind him and took his hat and coat while he tried to think of something to say and found nothing.

"You're as loquacious as ever, Marilyn said. "Bert's in the kitchen, brewing. Go on out and glower at him."

Charlie strolled out into the kitchen, where Bert, with his pipe in his mouth and perspiration fogging his glasses, labored valiantly with a towel-wrapped shaker.

"Jones came in to tell me that sales is happy," Charlie said.

"Then you're the white-haired boy," said Bert. "Here now—we're all ready. You take that tray. I'll bring the shaker."

Charlie turned obediently, took the tray loaded with glasses and went though the dining-room. He entered the living-room and looked around for a handy table and then stopped short, and the glasses slid toward the edge of the tray.

Lee stood in front of the fire. Her blonde hair was brushed until it shone and there was lipstick on her mouth, and she wore a sleek dress that fitted her devotedly.

"You'd better watch those glasses," she said quietly. "They do break, you know."

Charlie made his way to a coffee table. He set the tray down with care. He straightened and Lee's eyes were still on his face. He said desperately: "I didn't think, I mean, I didn't know you'd be here."

"Didn't you?" Her voice was cool.

"And like that," Charlie blurted. "I mean—"

"What did you expect me to wear," Lee asked quietly, "trousers and my Atlas badge?"

"I didn't expect anything," Charlie said wildly.

"I see," she said. She turned to the fire and held her hands to its warmth.

Charlie eyed her in confusion. He searched for words, found none, so took a potato chip from the bowl on the tray and stuffed it into his mouth.

Lee's quiet voice came over her shoulder. "Were the buyers satisfied?" she asked.

And Charlie, with his mouth full, could only grunt.

It was not a happy time. Bert came at last out of the kitchen with the cocktail shaker, and Marilyn appeared from the depths of the house, and both of them made it a point not to look at Charlie. Bert passed the drinks.

"This will restore the tissues," he said.

Marilyn said "It would make a rabbit reach down a bulldog's throat and flip him inside out."

"Will it loosen a tied tongue?" asked Lee sweetly. The silence was painful, and broken only by the sound of Charlie's potato chip.

In the hush Bert said, "To the air-conditioned planes!" Which was a mistake, for Charlie promptly choked on his potato chip and spilled part of his drink.

Lee looked at him emotionlessly.

At dinner Charlie looked up and his eyes found Lee's face. "Jones came to me after you had gone," he began.

Lee said to Marilyn, "You must be awfully tired of shop talk." She tasted her soup. "How on earth do you get this flavor? It's delicious."

There was silence. Bert said finally, "Jones came in after we had gone home, and——?"

Charlie nodded. "He came in," he said.

Lee's smile was brilliant. "Jones came in?" And there it ended. Marilyn looked at Bert, and Bert's face was blank. Charlie stared at his plate. Lee looked at the top of Charlie's head. Nobody spoke.

There was black coffee after dinner. In the living-room. Charlie sipped his quietly and tried to keep

Continued from page 4

his eyes from Lee, who stood by the fire again and stared into the flames and said nothing. He thought of her as she had been that afternoon in his office, quietly confident, handling a man's business with a deft touch.

He saw her now, with her badge and her trousers and her sharp pencil laid aside like a costume. He looked into his coffee cup and found no answer there. He looked up again and Bert and Marilyn had disappeared and he could hear dim sounds from the kitchen.

He said hesitantly, "Lee!"

She turned from the fire. Her face was smooth and expressionless. Her lower lip was tight, almost trembling, but from where he sat he could not see that.

"Jones came in——" he began, and there he stopped, seeing in wonder the sudden blaze in her eyes. "I mean," he said, and his voice trailed off into silence as she turned from him again and opened the door to the verandah and went through swiftly, out into the night.

The door closed hard behind her and Charlie stared at it in bewilderment.

Behind him Marilyn's voice said, "If you don't go out after her, Charlie Peters, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

Charlie looked at her in astonishment. "But I—"

"Get on out there!" Marilyn said savagely. "I don't care if you are the boy wonder of Atlas! Put down that cup and go out there after her!"

Charlie got to his feet. He looked at Marilyn. She had suddenly become majestic and her kindly eyes were hard. Charlie went to the door and opened it and stepped out on to the verandah.

He looked around in the darkness. Lee was at the far end of the verandah. Dimly he could see her face. He walked towards her slowly. She said nothing. He stopped close behind her and hunted for words. He said, finally, inanely: "The stars are clear to-night." And he wondered at the quietness of her answer.

"Yes," she said. "They are. I wonder that you notice them." Her voice was strained, tight.

Charlie said in astonishment: "Why, you're crying!" He touched her arm gingerly. "Why—"

She flung his hand from her arm and spun about to face him, her whole body taut.

"Oh, go away," she cried. "Go on back inside and tell Bert what a fine fellow you are."

Charlie took a deep breath, and the whole force of the day and evening exploded within him.

"I'll do no such thing," he snapped. "I've had enough." She moved to turn and he seized her shoulders almost savagely and spun her to face him. "I've been trying to apologise all the evening, trying to tell you that you were wonderful to-day, and that the buyers were sold because of you, and in spite of me!" The warmth of her shoulders filled his hands and his arms, and undermined his anger.

"That's what I've been trying to say," he finished lamely. "But you wouldn't listen." He dropped his hands, embarrassed.

Lee stood, looking at him in wonder. "I thought you were a stuffed shirt," she said presently. "You were just frightened. Of me."

Charlie pondered that. "I suppose that was it," he said slowly. He looked at the stars and they were bright. "I thought you were a female dragon with log tables instead of a mind, and secondary heat treat in your heart."

There was a long silence. Then Lee said softly: "It seems we were both wrong. Maybe we'd better start over again."

"Yes," said Charlie.

Lee said suddenly: "I'm going to cry again. Don't go away."

Charlie touched her arm and seized it and she moved towards him. "I won't go away," he said softly. "You couldn't drive me away."

And the stars seemed, suddenly, very close.

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For Always

"I think this is too big a bed for such a small girl," Rosalind said gently.

By VALERIA GRIFFITH

THE crunch of tyres on the gravel drive beneath her window wakened Rosalind Gregory, compelling her to acknowledge that it was morning. Peter was leaving for the office, and another long day stretched ahead of her.

Sun was warm on her face, and she turned her head away from the window before she opened her eyes. Peter always forgot to lower the blinds.

Rosalind sighed as she considered the possibilities of the day. She could have Lilian bring a tray to her room. She could sleep until noon; she could—— She heard the phone ring and the shuffle of Lilian's slippers.

"Mrs. Gregory! Oh, Mrs. Gregory!" she called. "Telephone!"

Rosalind reached for her dressing-gown. Lilian would stand at the foot of the stairs and bellow until she appeared. Lilian could iron a man's collar properly and she was a very good cook. And she didn't demand too much money.

Naturally one didn't quibble over little idiosyncrasies such as announcing guests and phone calls by loud shouts.

Rosalind went to the telephone and picked up the receiver. "Yes?"

"This is Miss Martin, at the child-adoption centre. We have a child for you, Mrs. Gregory."

"Oh, no!" Rosalind cried. "You couldn't! Why, it was only a couple of weeks ago——"

A bubbling laugh interrupted her. "I knew you'd be surprised. It's a lovely baby. Could you come to see him this afternoon at three?"

"Why, yes," Rosalind said. "I suppose so."

She dropped the receiver on the hook. It just wasn't possible! When she had talked with Miss Martin about adopting a child she had been told that it might be a year before one was available. And she knew the Cranshaws had waited for two years before they got Marion.

Rosalind's first impulse was to call Miss Martin back and tell her that she couldn't take a child on such short notice. She opened the telephone book, but the image of Peter's face blurred the black type. She put the book down and went up to her room.

She picked up a framed picture of herself and Peter, taken on their honeymoon, five years before, their arms round each other and their faces lifted to the revealing sun. There was no etched line between her eyes. And Peter's hair was black as midnight against a bank of flaming cloud. And he was laughing.

Peter had laughed a great deal then. Rosalind put the picture down. Being reminded of lost happiness was unbearable.

After the honeymoon there had been three lovely years. Even afterwards, while he was away at the war, there had been his letters and finally the exciting weeks of preparing for his home-coming, redecorating the bedroom, setting out the rose garden he had always wanted. And then a week off from her job so that she might spend every one of the first precious days with him.

It was later that the first dissonance crept into their relationship. There was an unreasonableness on Peter's part, answering flashes of resentment on hers.

He didn't like the way she'd done the bedroom. He dutifully inspected the rose garden and then seemed to forget it. Before he went away drinking hadn't interested him. Now it was part of his daily routine.

And he had insisted on Rosalind giving up her job. It was no use to tell him how hard she'd worked to earn it, how much it meant to her. He just dismissed the topic impatiently.

"A job was all right as a stop-gap while I was away. But I'm home now."

"But what can I do with myself, Peter?" she argued. "Even if I let Lilian go——"

"We could adopt a family," Peter said.

When they'd found that they'd never have a child of their own Peter had suggested adopting one, but the war had come along before they had reached any decision.

Rosalind let his revival of the idea go unanswered. They made an undiscussed compromise. Rosalind gave up her job and Peter didn't mention children again. Not until the night of the party.

Rosalind had hoped that the party might cheer Peter out of his increasing moodiness. She'd worked hard to make it a good one, but the war had scattered their old crowd, and nearly all the people she invited were friends she had made while Peter was away.

He made no effort to get to know them. The livelier and louder they became, the more he withdrew. Until Jim Sears found the old picture album at the bottom of the bookshelf. The crowd gathered round him, making merry over the clothes and faces in the faded photographs.

Jim turned a page. "What's this—an orphan asylum? If it's a family, no wonder the old man looks worried. It must have kept him hopping just to buy shoes for that mob!"

A long arm reached over and jerked the book away. There was a sudden silence in the room. And then Peter's icy voice:

"My grandfather had a lot of quaint ideas. I think he might actually have preferred to spend his money on shoes for his children rather than on liquor for brawls like this."

The party didn't last long after that.

Later, in their room, Peter wasn't even properly penitent. "I'm sorry, Rosy, but I got so fed up with that bunch of parasites——"

"My friends!"

"All right—your friends. But where do they get the right to make a joke of a man who had eleven children? I bet they haven't got that many between them—and probably it's just as well, at that. People who go roistering around at three a.m. don't deserve to have children."

During the night Rosalind made up her mind that there was only one thing for her to do if she meant to hold Peter. She waited till he'd finished breakfast before she told him.

"I'm going to the child-adoption people this morning to make application for a child. Which would you rather have—a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," Peter said instantly. He pushed his paper off the table. "Listen, Rosy, do you really mean it?"

She nodded.

The bright eagerness in his face hurt her a little. "That's wonderful," he said. "It'll be great to have a kid around here."

Rosalind felt guilty about not telling him how long he'd have to wait, and about being selfishly glad herself that it was sure to be a year. Maybe even two years.

And now, after only two weeks——

There wasn't anything to do but go and get the baby, even though she hadn't the vaguest idea how to take care of it. She thought, not too hopefully, that Lilian might know. But Lilian, dusting in the hall when Rosalind came downstairs, answered the question decisively.

"I don't know nothing about 'em," she said. "I never works in houses where there's children." The kitchen door flipped shut behind her.

Rosalind tried, nevertheless, to sound happily excited when she telephoned her news to Peter.

"That's wonderful!" Peter said. "I've been wondering why they were so slow. I'll pick you up at two-thirty. No—wait. I can't make it. Lansdale will be here from head office, and I've absolutely got to see him. I'm terribly sorry, Rosy, but—"

"It's all right," Rosalind said quickly. "I don't mind going alone. Really I don't, Peter." She had a comforting sense of brief reprieve. They couldn't possibly expect her to bring home a baby that Peter hadn't even seen.

. . . . .

Miss Martin was plump and grey-haired. When she smiled little lines radiated from the corners of her blue eyes. "I know how anxious you must be to see him, Mrs. Gregory, but first I think you should know something of the case history."

Rosalind wasn't sure that she wanted to know. Her hunger for a child of her own was greater than even Peter realised. An adopted child seemed a poor, alien substitute, and hearing about its real parents would only make it more definitely alien. But Miss Martin did not wait for her to answer.

"It's really an extraordinary thing. I wasn't too hopeful that we'd find you a child at all, Mrs. Gregory. You were so explicit on so many points. A boy, six to nine months old, with dark hair and eyes. To find one who fits specifications, and to find him so soon—why, it almost seems as if you were meant to have him!" She ruffled through a card file.

Please turn to page 34

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In the Autumn a Woman's Fancy turns to Berlei

As the first chill breezes of Autumn remind you that the days of wearing next-to-nothing are over and that it's time to do something about that dinky little autumn suit you've had your eyes on — first give a thought to your foundation! You know, of course, that only by enjoying the comfort and figure-grace of a correctly fitting foundation can you hope to appear at your best. That's where Berlei True-To-Type Foundations help you. No matter what your size or shape, there's a garment designed for one of the Berlei five figure types to fit you perfectly.

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

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Two toddlers learn horse-sense early in life

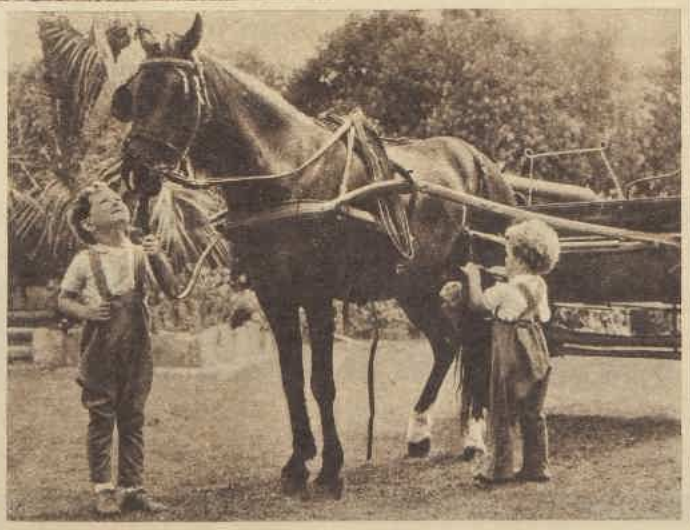
★ It's certain that Anthony (4) and Phillip (2) Wallington, of Epping, N.S.W., will never be afraid of horses. Their father bought them a horse, Danny Boy, and one of the few remaining governess carts in Australia, and is teaching them how to manage the horse and cart.

LED BY four-year-old Anthony, the horse, Danny Boy (a six-year-old), poses for his photo. The boys' competence and fearlessness are good to see.

AN OLD ARMY trailer holding 185 gallons of water makes a fine swimming pool for the boys. Danny Boy looks on.

QUITE unafraid, Anthony drives two-year-old Phillip round the yard in the governess-cart.

KNOWING that the horse won't hurt him Phillip gleefully examines its hoof.



HARNESSING UP, the lucky youngsters prepare for a ride. It won't be long before they leave their backyard and set out at a spanking pace along the highway. Their father accompanies them when they leave the yard.

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Royal tour . . . a happy holiday in the sun

South Africa reminds the Queen of Australia

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON, our special representative with the Royal party

In their first ten days in South Africa the Royal Family have fulfilled a strenuous programme, but as their acquaintance with the people widens and the spontaneous welcomes continue, the tour is becoming for them a happy holiday in the sun.

The warmth of the first days' greetings has been sustained as the Royal Family attend formal and informal gatherings of people of the Union or meet them in drives and on formal excursions

RADIO PICTURE of the Royal Family walking in the grounds of Government House, Capetown, before they left on their 10,000-miles tour of South Africa.

THE charm and naturalness of the Royal Family, especially the Queen, are irresistible.

Their welcome by the South Africans is as warm as the sunshine with which the Royal tour is blessed.

In this South African sunshine the Queen and the Princesses look pictures of pastel coolness.

Their clothes are perfect for the many brilliant and exquisite settings in which they are worn.

The Queen's radiance does not dim her daughters' youthful loveliness and South Africa is charmed with the Princesses.

My own most memorable moment on this tour was on the first day in Capetown, when I was presented to the King and Queen and the two Princesses at Government House.

It was typical of the Queen's thoughtfulness and first of many charming gestures I was to see that she should express a wish to meet the small number of journalists who are travelling with the Royal Family on the tour.

As I dropped my curtsy to the King he asked me about Australia, and the Queen afterwards singled me out and told me her first impression of South Africa was that it is rather like Australia.

We talked about the flowers—hibiscus, oleander, canna, flowering gums, and eucalyptus trees—in the same lovely profusion here as they are round the shores of Sydney.

The Queen told me how she loved the wildflowers of Australia, and said if she enjoyed the South African visit half as much as she did the tour of Australia she would be perfectly happy.

The Queen said to me: "As soon as I stepped ashore I could smell the eucalyptus trees, and it recalled my visit to your country."

The Queen wore an orchid crepe frock for this reception, and she, with the King and the two Princesses, entertained us for nearly an hour.

It was a very hot afternoon, and Their Majesties had cool drinks.

The Princesses had a long chat to some of the photographers and newsreel men, telling them of the snapshots they had taken coming out on H.M.S. Vanguard.

No effort has been spared in South Africa to entertain the Royal visitors.

There are brilliant illuminations and floodlighting in Capetown, and Table Mountain is transformed each night into an ethereal background for the luminous city by floodlighting that picks out the whole of Table Bay.

Lavish garden settings for afternoon parties rival anything at which the Queen herself has been hostess at Buckingham Palace.

The brilliant civic ball was one of the highlights of the Capetown visit.

The frocking, like that at the garden party and civic dinner, was beautiful.

White was the color most favored and most becoming against the suntanned skins of the women. Long gloves and long frocks were worn at all formal occasions.

Of all the lovely gowns the Queen has worn in South Africa I think the gracious diaphanous gown of sheer white chiffon with intricately draped bodice, fully flared skirt trailing to the ground, and large elbow cuffs of ostrich was the loveliest.

With this she wore a picture hat trimmed with striped ostrich feathers and carried a dainty lace and chiffon parasol.

A breathless hush fell on all as the Queen stepped off the stoep of the summer residence of the Governor-General, the Right Honorable G. Brand Van Zyl, in this shimmering creation and walked across the green lawns.

This garden party, attended by six thousand people, was a most spectacular fashion parade.

Frocks were formal and chic, ospreys trimmed those hats that didn't have ostrich mounts.

One feels at all these functions that fashion-conscious women had premonitions as to what fashions would be set by the Queen and the Princesses.

Most young South African girls are wearing short frocks for formal functions as do the Princesses.

A feature of the whole tour is the popularity of ostrich feathers. They are being used not only to trim hats and frocks, tucked in the hair, as capes and as fans, but also as interior decor.

The City Hall, which was the scene of a brilliant State banquet and even more spectacularly lavish State ball, depended for its scintillating elegance on thousands and thousands of white ostrich plumes in the enormous chandeliers, which were brilliant with hundreds of lights.

The softness of the feathers was most effective, and the Queen told Mrs. Miriam Bloomberg, wife of the Mayor of Capetown, that nowhere in Europe was there a more impressive and tasteful ballroom.

So lovely are the ostrich feather decorations that none will be removed till the public has had a chance to view them.

Discussed dances

MRS. BLOOMBERG is the smartest and wittiest of all Capetown's young matrons.

Formerly a ballet dancer, she was a pupil of Massine, and danced with Anton Dolin. During Their Majesties' stay in Capetown she and the Princesses, who love dancing, talked of their favorite steps and tunes.

When the Princesses took the floor for their first dance in South Africa the band struck up Princess Elizabeth's favorite number, "No Can Do."

Then it played a tune no one had heard before.

The orchestra had been rehearsing it for months, and proudly Vic Davis waved his baton over his band as it played:

"Africa's golden sun is shining for you,
Everywhere the country's going gay;
Throughout the land the folks have planned a joyous holiday."

Refrain:

"Princess, we're glad to greet you,
Princess, we're proud to meet you,
We wish you lots of happiness.
A welcome awaits you in old S.A.
That intimates that you must come again another day.
Princess, in our opinion,
You find in our Dominion
Greetings that surely take your breath,
For you have a corner in every heart, Princess Elizabeth."

It was written by Rex London, a young man in Johannesburg.

Vic Davis' orchestra will play again at the Princess' twenty-first birthday ball.

They have presented Princess Elizabeth with this song, composed in her honor.

Guided by their dear friend, Field-Marshal Smuts, hostessed by motherly Mrs. Van Zyl, surrounded by all the warmth and friendliness of the South African people, the Royal Family are having what young Princess Margaret sums up as "a lovely time."

People who watched far-off events during the war, drawing hope and courage from the example of our Royal Family, are now giving expression to their admiration.

Most moving of all is the way South Africans burst into spontaneous singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and on one occasion Field-Marshal Smuts himself started up "God Save the King" without the orchestra when his own National Anthem did not seem quite sufficient to express the feeling of loyalty in everyone's hearts.

In spite of their strenuous programme the Royal Family are finding rest and happiness with what the King calls his "well-beloved people."

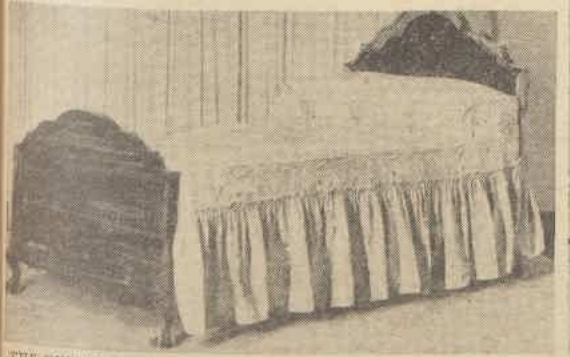
From the crippled ex-servicemen whom the Queen crossed the road to greet to the schoolchildren in Kirstenbosch Gardens whose botany lesson the Royal Family interrupted to learn about South African wildflowers; from natives in their gay costumes that the Royal visit has brought back to Capetown to Malays whose spectacular weddings clatter through the streets; from six Royal bedmakers who will travel throughout Africa responsible for tidying up the bedrooms to two full pages of garden party guests published in "Cape Times"; from the schoolchildren who waved them a "living welcome" to General Smuts himself, whom the Princesses call "Oubaas" with great affection, everyone has taken the Royal Family to their hearts.

ROYAL TOUR FEATURES

ON pages 8 and 9 in this issue we publish in color some of Norman Hartnell's original color sketches for frocks for the Queen and the two Princesses for their South African tour, and pieces of some of the fabrics chosen for their wardrobes.

On pages 28 and 29 are pictures of some of the places the Royal Family will see during their two months' travel.

Next week we will publish pictures in color of interior views of the Royal train, which was specially built and fitted in England for the long journey through the Union.



THE QUEEN'S BED in Government House, Capetown, and, right, a four-foot cheval, which is part of the Royal bedroom suite. This furniture was specially made from the beautiful South African timber which is known as "stinkwood" because it gives off an unpleasant odor when wet.

FLOCK OF OSTRICHES near Oudtshoorn, South Africa. Feature of the Royal tour has been the lavish use of ostrich plumes for interior decoration as well as fashion trimming and accessories.

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Editorial

MARCH 8, 1947

ROYAL TOUR

THE depth of feeling in South Africa's welcome to the Royal Family has transcended all racial differences, all political disharmony.

Adverse critics of the British Empire in other countries had suggested beforehand that the Royal tour was a matter of cynical expediency undertaken to mask the sad facts that Britain had lost Egypt, was relinquishing India, and was bogged down in almost insoluble problems in Palestine.

But the Dominion's welcome has revealed the limitations of that view.

The spontaneous reception given to a British man, his wife, and his daughters indicates a depth of feeling beyond politics and commerce.

It is the sincere tribute of a people who themselves have lived through the anxieties and sacrifices of seven years of war. It expresses personal admiration for a family who have showed the same fortitude and modest courage as thousands of other families in Britain.

The King, at the State banquet in Capetown, made an inspiring plea for the continuation of South Africa's unity.

Statesmanship, he said, would guide this many-peopled land to a just and contented relationship. Such a relationship could show to a troubled world how people of different race and color may live and work together for the common good.

The Royal visit not only helps the South African people to better understanding among themselves, but also enables the sister Dominions to learn more about this vast country.

The tour will do more to publicise South Africa than thousands spent on an intensive publicity campaign.

The closer friendship engendered by the war between Springbok and Aussie, Canuck and Pommy, Johnny Ghurka and Kiwi can be strengthened if we continue to get to know each other better.

It is a friendship that will be as necessary and as beneficial to us in the years to come as it was in the war years.

VISITORS to King's Cross, Sydney, see it through romantic eyes, imagining harmless residents to be all gunmen and Bohemians.

It seems to me . . .

BY

Dorothy Drain

KING'S CROSS, Sydney, enjoys an Australia-wide reputation for the picturesque and bizarre.

I've lived there for many years, and find that custom has staled its infinite variety.

In fact I was even a little embarrassed recently in a coffee shop, when a friend from another State nudged me at intervals asking, "Would that be a gunman?" as she gazed entranced on some harmless journalist, radio actor, or taxi-driver.

Likewise, when gentlemen from afar ask me where I live and say, "King's Cross, eh?" with a leer, I often forget to leer back.

But now and then something happens to revive the fascination the district once held for me.

Last week it was an ad. in "The Times" (of King's Cross, not London).

It read: "Wanted workroom for very quiet work."

I could no doubt find out what the very quiet work is by writing to the box number.

But I like it better as a mystery.

* * *

AN elderly woman who returned from America said that nylon stockings were no good, they went into holes immediately, according to a recent daily paper report—

Oh, spare us, please, from this. Long, long ago
We wept to hear there was no Santa Claus.
Since then we've taken many a bitter blow,
Yet rallied with a hope revived because
There still were dreams. But holes in nylons—no.
Before you smash our last illusion—pause.

* * *

EVER since I started Press work I've been hearing about the problems of the nationality of married women.

It is a crusade with a long history, popping up regularly on the agendas of meetings of women's organisations.

Between the wars, the battlers for the right of women to retain their own nationality had a hard job to rouse public interest.

Back in the nineteen-thirties, I must confess, I found it pretty boring myself.

The war changed that attitude. Anyone could see the complications that arose when Australian girls married aliens, and automatically acquired nationality of the husband.

Finally a committee, headed by Senator Tangney and Dame Enid Lyons, was appointed to go into the question.

Last year Federal Parliament passed a law which allowed a woman marrying an alien to retain her British nationality while in Australia.

Flaw, unavoidable at the time, was that, because of differing laws of the United Kingdom and Dominions, she couldn't retain it outside Australia.

Now there's an Empire Nationality and Citizenship Conference meeting in London which has among its aims Empire-wide recognition for the principle established here.

Victory is in sight after a battle that's lasted for nearly half a century.

* * *

REPORT of Barbara Hutton's fourth marriage (to Prince Igor Troubetskoy) didn't raise much more than a ripple. At 35 Barbara has accounted for two princes, one count, and a film star.

After she divorced Cary Grant she said she was finished with marriages. Then last year she bought a palace in Tangier, saying: "I've always wanted to live like an Arab. This is a dream come true."

Poor girl! She's evidently found she needs hubbies as well as hobbies.

FORTY Scots men and women, according to the news cables, are planning to turn their backs on civilisation and start a communal farm in a remote Highland glen.

The farm may be a success, but they won't turn their backs on civilisation.

One person might have a shot at it, but not 40.

Even if they had gone to the Antarctic, where Admiral Byrd says he feels more peaceful than anywhere else in the world, they would still take with them the stresses they wished to escape. That's been proved repeatedly with Utopian experiments.

Among 40 people will be some who like work and some who don't, more than one who thinks he can lead, and a lot who know better how the place ought to be run.

Where there are men and women there are emotional complications.

Before long they learn they may have left the telephones, radios, and trams behind, but they've taken along the problems of living they tried to escape.

And I'll bet it won't be long before someone wants a telephone as well.

* * *

LAST week I mentioned in passing that men were invading women's jobs. This week I had another angle on that from a representative of the Secondary Industries Division of Postwar Reconstruction.

She tells me that at California Productions, Ltd., at Bathurst, about a third of the machinists are young ex-servicemen. (California Productions is a company which is making American lines in beachwear, frocks, and shoes, under licence to several American firms.)

These men are nearly all married, mostly returned to Bathurst to work because they had married Bathurst girls while in camp there.

According to the services officer of the factory, Mr. R. L. Duncan, the men are very good at the job, and less prone to absenteeism than women.

He thinks this is possibly because they're married, and breadwinners for the family.

During the war absenteeism among women was one of the biggest problems of factories.

Certainly some of the absences were for frivolous reasons, but, as a strongly feminist friend of mine always points out, most women do two jobs. Even if they aren't married, they often have home responsibilities.

Nobody expects the son of the house to stay home if mother's sick, for instance, but it's taken for granted that a daughter should.

* * *

SOME tram and bus conductors complain that passengers waste a lot of time arguing among themselves about who is to pay.

It's true enough. The argument runs thus:

"Oh, it's my turn this time." "No, Mary, you paid the fares coming into town. It's mine." "But look here, you paid for the ice-creams, so I should pay them. And I've got the right change . . ."

No doubt the conductors are irritated by this discussion. Most men find women's insistence on settling up small amounts amusing. They are convulsed at hearing one woman say to another: "This is the 1/7½ I owe you. It was 2/6, remember, but then I bought your cigarettes and gave you the penny for the gas-meter."

Men contend that their way when in male company is better. "One chap pays sometimes and the other pays another time, and it all evens up."

Does it? While never one to claim female superiority, I think our system's better, tiring as it may be for listeners. We know where we stand with our friends.

And you hardly ever hear the slur that a woman is tightfisted on girls' outings.

She'd never get away with it.

Interesting People

LT.-COL. LUCIUS CONOLLY

. . . better entertainment

TO get more stage artists, more latest film releases, and all kinds of sports gear for troops in Japan, aims of Lieut.-Colonel Lucius Conolly, who went to Japan recently to take charge of Amenities Service B.C.O.F. Said before leaving Melbourne: "I'm anxious to co-operate wholeheartedly with any philanthropic body providing leave centres or hostels for troops." Former travel writer and broadcaster, he went into Army at outbreak of war.

MR. ALAN DUDLEY

. . . commemorates in music

CONDUCTING choir of Service Men and Women Musical Commemoration Society, Melbourne, is happy work for Alan Dudley, tall, easy to get on with, member of a musical family. He says: "In 22 years' conducting I have never had such inspiration. Nothing damps enthusiasm of the members of this choir." Aim of society, which also has orchestra, to commemorate musicians killed in war, and give musical [illegible] to ex-service personnel.

MISS ESTHER SKOUBOE

. . . Danish journalist

EAGER to learn all she can about Australia in the two or three years she will spend here, Danish journalist Esther Skouboe, Master of Political Science, will send articles about us to her paper, "Information," which was an Underground newsagency during the war. Says: "I want to study economic conditions here, and try to understand them." Her easy, pleasant manner and soft voice hide strength of character that enabled her to do her part in passive resistance against Germans.

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Our legitimisation laws need drastic revision

"... fingers that already clutch with such strength .. arouse fierce, pure mother love."

Innocent babies deserve a better chance in life

This is the first of a series of articles on social problems.

The Australian Women's Weekly feels that the weight of women's opinions is the deciding factor in shaping the post-war world.

Only when women have the facts made available to them can they come to a fair decison and make their influence fully felt in important human issues of the day.

WITH this in mind we have just completed a nation-wide survey of illegitimacy.

Every year 7000 illegitimate children are born in Australia. Most of those births mean heartbreak for someone.

Whatever view is held about the question of an unmarried mother's guilt, and what the community's attitude towards her should be, few people to-day feel that the child should be punished.

We set out to find exactly how the legitimisation laws are operating, and what are their results in simple, human terms.

Legitimisation laws need drastic revision to bring them into line with modern ideas as set forth in the practical experience of welfare workers.

Such laws, being made by State authorities, vary from one State to another, and certain States lag far behind.

Here is a real-life story that shows how unfairly they can operate to place innocent children and, in this case, an innocent mother, at lifelong disadvantage:

It concerns Mary, 22 years old and newly graduated, a charming Australian girl with every chance of a distinguished career in science, and John, a debonair Englishman in his late thirties.

John had come to Australia 18 years before and had made good. He met Mary at a University dance and was soon deeply in love.

Before long John proposed. He shouldn't have—but he was only human.

Their marriage was supremely happy. Life had assumed an even, pleasant flow for them and their two adorable children.

Mary was waiting happily for another baby to arrive when into their perfectly normal lives came a woman from England who could prove John and she had married before he left England 25 years earlier.

John had never heard of her after the day they married. It was a forced marriage. Neither cared for the other.

When John met Mary and realised their great love for each other he took a wild gamble. That youthful marriage, he thought, might never become known. He even persuaded himself that his wife was dead.

Nightmare followed her reappearance.

John's trial and conviction for bigamy was hard enough for John and Mary to bear. But worst of all for poor, innocent Mary was the knowledge that even if John could get a divorce and their own marriage be legalised, their children would always remain illegitimate.

In cases like this the only thing the mother could do to give her children status would be to adopt them legally.

Mary is still suffering, as hundreds of others suffer, because the legitimisation laws in this country need unifying and bringing up to date.

The clause in the N.S.W. legitimisation laws which is so grossly unfair, and which has been deleted in Queensland, Western Australia, and Tasmania, is that even if the parents subsequently marry the children can never be legitimised in cases where there was an impediment to marriage at the time of birth.

Another cruel clause needing adjustment in all States except South Australia and Tasmania is that even if the parents subsequently marry the child does not become legitimate unless a statutory declaration is made at a registrar's office.

In Tasmania the parents' marriage automatically legitimises the child from the time of its birth. In South Australia legitimacy begins at the time of marriage.

In no State can the father be forced to legitimise the child.

But in Queensland, Victoria, and Western Australia the mother may do so after the father's death, if they have been married.

New South Wales lags well behind as the only place in the British Empire where the mother is totally barred from applying for the legitimisation of her child.

In England legitimisation follows automatically when the parents marry, if there was no bar to marriage at the time of birth.

One of the worst legal features of illegitimacy is that the child cannot inherit from parents who die intestate, even if the child is fully accepted as a member of the family.

Even the term "my children" in a will does not include an illegitimate child unless the child is mentioned by name.

One tragic case of hardship of this type is that of a young man brought up by his devoted father because the mother refused to marry or to have anything to do with her child.

The father posed as a widower, educated his son well, and gave him every possible advantage. When the boy was in his early twenties he began to go blind, and the father lavished money in trying to have him cured.

Quite suddenly the father, who was only about 46, died, leaving £20,000. But he died intestate, and not a farthing went to his son. The entire fortune went to relatives in England whom the father had not seen for years.

Because his father had delayed too long in making a will, this boy suffered in one blow the loss of a dearly loved parent and his entire financial support.

The law can right these legal disadvantages, but something more than law is needed to mend the broken hearts of the mothers who at this crisis in their lives face the decision whether they should keep their babies or give them up soon after birth.

Many mothers, young and inexperienced, do not realise the emotional and psychological results of bearing a child. They make a decision in cold blood, some time before the child is born, that they will renounce it.

When the time comes, they are horrified to find how hard that resolve is to keep.

Plans for the future are made, probably, when the girl has her first talk with the matron of the hospital where she will be confined.

For months she has lived with the idea that all she has to do is get through the physical experience of childbirth.

But as she returns slowly to consciousness in the quiet maternity ward, memory of the life that stirred within her, of the ordeal she has lived through, surges over her.

Her eyes query—a boy or girl? Her arms ache for the comfort of a tiny bundle to cuddle.

If she is in a hospital where natural feeding is the rule she will have that comfort. The warm little being that is part of herself will be given to her. But her happiness is mixed with dreadful forebodings because she knows that all too soon she and her baby must part forever.

Legally she could still change her mind, refuse to go through with the adoption scheme and keep her baby.

But in practice welfare workers say it is rare for a girl to change her mind at this late stage.

The thin wail that dies away as baby's hunger is appeased—the perfect, unbelievably minute fingers that already clutch with such strength; these are the things that arouse fierce, pure mother love.

This happens in some hospitals—by no means all. It happens because the doctor in charge believes natural feeding is necessary for the baby's sake, or else because the nursing staff is below strength and has not time to prepare bottles.

In hospitals where babies are bottle-fed, matrons strongly advise the girls against ever seeing their babies. Most abide by that advice, but in some cases the girls beg for "just one peep" before they leave hospital.

Curiosity of fellow patients is an added torment for the mother.

Where babies are bottle-fed the situation does not arise, for the baby never appears in the ward, and the other patients are told it was still-born.

For the mother who must feed her child there is no such simple and merciful procedure.

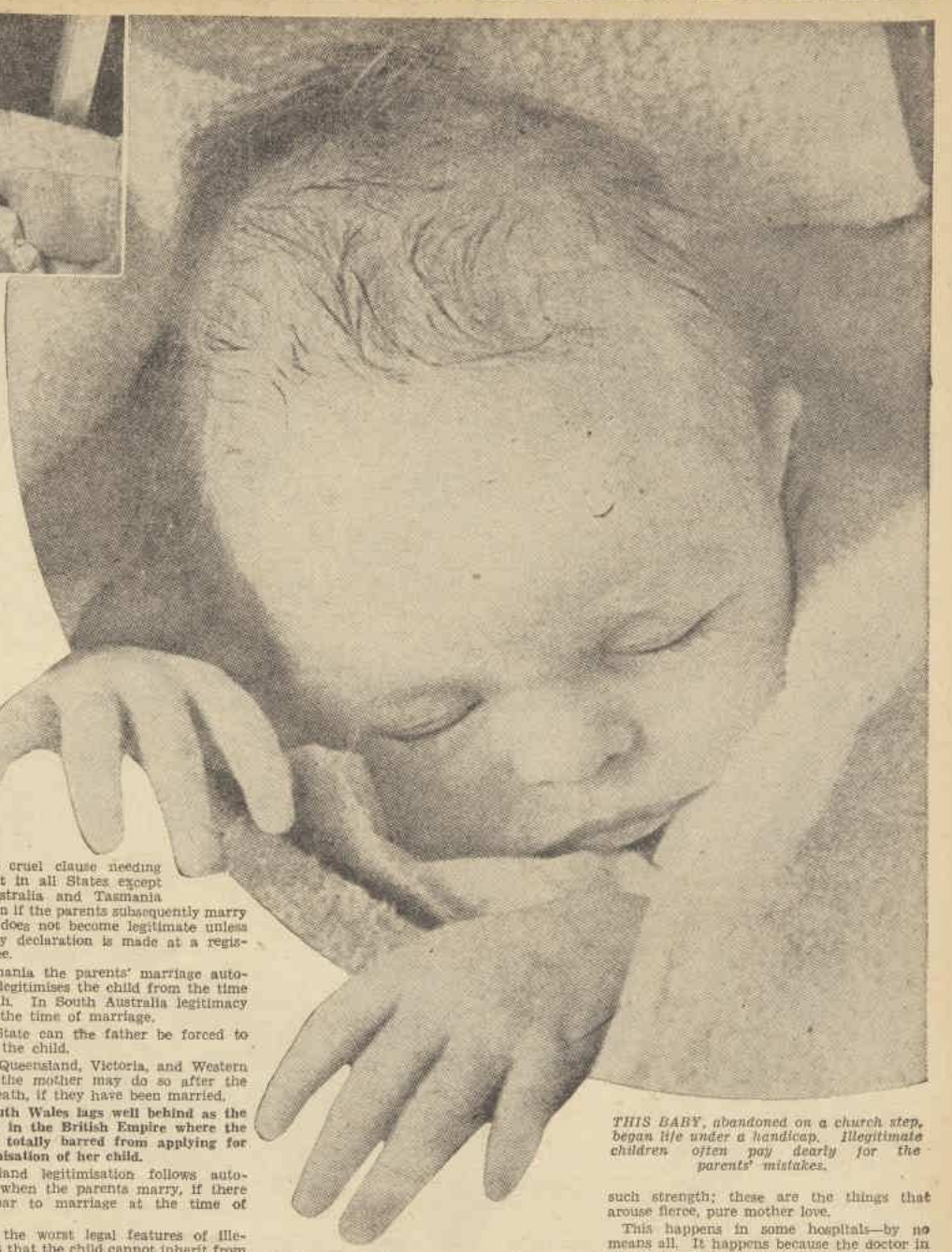
One hospital does all it can to help girls in this situation.

When they enter the hospital they wear a ring and are addressed as "Mrs."

It is some balm to the mother's agitated mind that right to the end she will be allowed to keep up that pretence of married status.

Women who take an assumed name while they are in hospital must register their babies under their own names, or face the possibility of a £100 fine. But many change their names by deed poll, or go to the Legal Aid office, where there is a simple form they can fill in.

Continued on page 21



THIS BABY, abandoned on a church step, began life under a handicap. Illegitimate children often pay dearly for the parents' mistakes.

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Good listening...

If your taste runs to good music, soft, subdued . . . as a background for quiet contemplation, or if you prefer the banter of radio comedians or the swing of a jazz band, you will find pleasant relaxation with a Philips Radioplayer.

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Our legitimisation laws need revision

Continued from page 19

THE day for the mother to leave hospital draws nearer, and then she faces, almost invariably with courage, what must be the cruellest moment of all. (Yet this, too, is planned by kindly people for her consolation.)

The adopting mother comes to the hospital with dainty new clothes and baby is dressed in them.

The natural mother looks in dumb misery and perhaps surprise at this adorable vision, takes her in her arms for the last time, and walks gamely down the ward, showing baby off and saying good-bye.

Outside the door gentle but firm hands take baby from her and she knows that now has come that terrible moment she had refused really to face.

The mother's decision to let her baby be adopted is influenced by the hard conditions she knows she would have to face for the first few years of baby's life.

We make little attempt in Australia to provide positive assistance for the unmarried mother who will make a competent parent and longs to keep her child.

An almoner at one of Sydney's largest maternity hospitals tells of a girl in her middle twenties, with a very good background of education, holding a well-paid job in a Government office. The girl was engaged to a soldier. He was ordered away suddenly, and very soon after was killed.

The girl did not know she was pregnant until all chance of marriage was past.

She obtained six months' sick leave from her office and had her son. Nothing would persuade her to allow him to be adopted.

She found a foster home for the boy, then reported back to her office for duty, saying she was well again.

She was greeted by the secretary of the organisation, a man of standing and authority, with the brutal rebuff. "There's no job for you. We don't want your sort around here. And how's the baby?" with an unpleasant smirk.

With her spirit still unbroken, she kept her baby—all she had left of the marriage she had dreamed of and planned for.

But without any job there was no money. She had no family to go to. So she and her son went to a Government-run home. Here she has reached a dead-end, because at this home the mothers must look after their babies and cannot go out to work.

There is no chance for her to improve her own position or to bring up her child in the happy atmosphere of a well-kept home.

The child welfare committee of the National Council of Women is strongly in favor of the establishment of hostels throughout Australia to meet such cases as this.

The fundamental idea of the hostels is that during the most trying period before and after her baby arrives the girl would have a sense of security and protection.

While awaiting her baby she would prepare its layette and be taught to care for a house, and cook.

There would be someone to look after her child while she trained herself under a vocational guidance and rehabilitation scheme, or while she found herself suitable work.

A girl in the home awaiting the arrival of her own child would care for the children already there, and in doing so would be preparing in the best possible atmosphere for her own motherhood.

Several homes in each State, run by the Government, churches, or charitable organisations with a Government subsidy, help a little to alleviate the plight of the unmarried mother, but welfare workers, after an extensive survey, do not consider this help nearly adequate to cover the need.

Almoners attached to maternity hospitals do all they can, and have helped to avert many tragedies. But their work is hampered by the lack of any central agency to which they may refer their cases.

Government financial help for unmarried mothers in New South Wales is:

Commonwealth maternity bonus, £15.

Child Welfare allowance, 10/- (not paid unless the girl admits the name of the father, so that he can be summonsed).

Food relief, 17/- a week, from the time she is pregnant. Continuance after child is one month old is decided by a food relief officer.

Food relief authorities will also supply a layette.

The Commonwealth Social Services Department decided during the war to give an allowance to all women who became pregnant while in the Services, preceding and following the birth.

All these cases are treated on an individual basis and two welfare officers in each State, one of them a trained nurse, give care and advice from any time after pregnancy is notified until 13 weeks after confinement.

Social welfare workers are anxious to see this service extended to all unmarried civilian mothers.

There has been a steady increase in illegitimate births here from 1941 to 1945, when there were 7195. But that figure is lower than in 1913, when 7438 were registered. Up to 1941 ex-nuptial births had fallen from 5.55 per cent. to 4.04 per cent. of all births in Australia.

Method of registering these births has steadily changed. Last century officials wrote "illegitimate" in red ink opposite the entry. Later, kindly registrars used blue ink, then left the word out altogether. In 1934 the omission became legal in New South Wales.

Only sign on present-day registration papers that the mother was unmarried is a blank in the columns where the father's name would be. This rarely affects the child as only extract certificates are given, except in special instances.

A solicitor can obtain a full certificate to prove illegitimacy in divorce proceedings. As these cases are heard in open court, the child's illegitimacy then becomes a matter of common knowledge.

If an illegitimate child is adopted, a marginal note is made against the original registration. The registrar will not issue a certificate of the original entry, only an extract, so that by adoption the fact of illegitimacy is completely hidden as far as official records are concerned.

If an illegitimate child under 21 years of age wishes to marry, the proper person to give consent is the mother, unless by court order she is deprived of custody of the child.

If the mother is dead and has not appointed a legal guardian, police and stipendiary magistrates or justices of the peace, specially appointed for that purpose, may give consent.

Very often in country towns where the magistrate makes only monthly visits, a responsible citizen, often the coroner, and always a man of standing and character, is appointed to give the necessary authority.

Some of the most pathetic illegitimate children are those in cases where the mother is married to a husband who is not the father.

It is impossible to arrange adoption for such children unless the husband was out of the country, and so could not possibly be its father, and the baby has to go home with its mother, unwanted and often neglected.

If such cases come before the court the judge has the final decision. In one case a husband was able to provide a good home and was quite willing for his wife to return, but unwilling to have the child of another man as part of his household.

The judge declared it was a good home and he could see no reason why the child should not be brought up there.

IF I WERE YOU

A new feature for those who feel in need of friendly, experienced advice

People are continually writing to us for advice on problems that arise in their daily life. They ask for the viewpoint of somebody with the experience to understand and sympathise with the difficulties which they are facing.

With this in view, we have chosen Margaret Howard to conduct "If I were You."

Conducted by MARGARET HOWARD

ALL over the world young couples are faced with the problem of living out the first years of their married life in houses belonging to their relations.

Here is a letter from a young bride typical of the many who are trying to cope with this difficult situation:

I MET my husband when he was on Air Force service in my home State. We married recently. Because we can't get a house we are now living with his mother in Melbourne. He told me that I would be welcome, but he didn't give me any idea how set in her ways his mother was.

She won't let me help with the cooking or housework because she likes to do everything just her own way. I haven't had time to make any friends here yet and the days seem endless idling about the house. What makes me mad is that I am quite capable and held down a good job before I was married.

I feel my marriage is endangered.

I sympathise deeply with all who are longing for a home of their own, and chafing against the need to pattern their lives to fit in with an established routine of someone else's making.

Learning to live with another person, learning to respect their tastes, perhaps curbing some of your own, being good-tempered and tolerant when you don't feel like it, is a full-time job when you are first married—even for those deeply in love.

You have this task and as well the consistent extra call on your tact and adaptability that results from sharing someone else's home.

But there is an aspect of living in someone else's house that should, even in the most trying circumstances, never be lost sight of.

Very often having enforced guests is no more fun than being one.

A woman whose family is grown-up has almost certainly worked out a domestic routine that suits her better than any other.

While a certain amount of adaptability is called for on both sides, it is unreasonable to ask or expect a houseproud woman who is getting on in years to alter her ways.

Things like cigarettes left smouldering in ashtrays, electric toasters not scrupulously cleaned of crumbs, and washbasins left with smears of toothpaste, are every bit as fraying to her nerves as old-fashioned methods and seemingly undue fussiness are to the young bride.

I know there are lots of older women who are like the mother-in-law described in your letter. They just can't bear to feel the reins slipping from their hands.

But I do think that for you and other young brides who have had jobs there is a way out.

Talk the matter tactfully over with your husband, and ask him what he feels about you getting a job.

When you aren't in the house all day and have an absorbing outside interest, you'd be surprised how much less irritating your mother-in-law's set ways will seem.

And remember—she has every bit as much right to them as you have to yours.

I AM a rather plain girl of 19, and find I am never at ease when being introduced to new acquaintances. I always feel they are thinking how plain I am, and that makes me tongue-tied.

I think in the first place the people you are introduced to quite probably are not thinking that at all. Quite likely they are wondering what sort of person you are, what you like doing, what you are good at. If you ARE plain, perhaps you are very good at swimming. Right. That makes you a plain girl who's good at swimming. See the difference? Try looking at it that way.

A BOY in our office has asked me to go out with him, but mother and father won't hear of it until they have met him first. I am 16. They say that I should ask him home, but I don't know when to, or what to do if he comes. We're simple people, and I feel that he'll be bored.

Why not ask him to your place to tea one Sunday night? Just have a simple cold meal if that's what you usually have. If he wants to help you dry up after—let him. If he doesn't, and shows boredom chatting with the family, he isn't worth bothering about, anyway.

MY husband and I have been asked to a fairly big night wedding. Neither of us has been to one before. We are worried because we are told that guests never leave the reception before the bride. We'd both love to go, but couldn't stay till the end because we can't get anyone to stay late with baby. We don't know the people terribly well.

It is not considered correct for any guests to leave the reception before the bride and groom. Send your acceptance in the usual manner, and a few days before the wedding telephone the bride's mother, whose guest you will actually be, explaining the circumstances. Then slip away as inconspicuously as possible when you have to leave.

THE boys in our crowd always seem to expect the girls to kiss them good-night. I'm not a prude, and like them all, but I just don't seem to like any of them well enough to WANT to kiss them. As far as I can tell the other girls don't seem to feel this way. Am I different or something?

I shouldn't say so. What the other girls do is strictly their business. Apart from any moral grounds, I can't think of anything more foolish or distasteful than kissing toward which you feel disinclined. You wait until you WANT to—you will. The chances are that the boys of your crowd have the idea that YOU expect it, and won't be so disappointed, anyway.

Write for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, noms-de-plume, or addresses will be published.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions. You must have professional advice on those.

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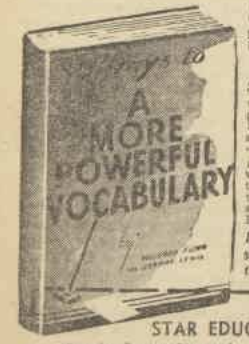

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6 Show you how to add words to your vocabulary, while at movies, listening to radio, reading newspaper, or looking at signs.	**16** Explain how you can help to create the English language; and the way in which slang attains respectability.	**26** Give you ten key words that define and describe the kind of words we use, and how to know specifically into which classification words fall.
7 Explain how words can make you appear brilliant or ignorant; and how to turn them into your slaves.	**17** Give you a surprise test that shows the astonishing progress you have already made in increasing your vocabulary.	**27** Illustrate some interesting examples of how words are built and how they "unfold"; how to use them to impress others, without being a show-off.
8 Demonstrate how your expanding vocabulary builds self-confidence; lends new colour to your personality; increases your popularity.	**18** Explain how to capture personalities in words, making them and yourself more interesting to others.	**28** Teach you some simple classic "roots" which will quickly and automatically increase your language power.
9 Explain neither age nor any lack of education need handicap you in gaining a mastery of words.	**19** Demonstrate why adjectives add flavour to your language, and how to use them more effectively.	**29** Entertain you with a fascinating sketch showing how words change their meanings, how our language shifts, changes, and grows.
10 Illustrate entertaining methods that, in 30 days, will give you more new words than the average person acquires in 25 years.	**20** Describe an easy way to remember the words you learn, so that the progress you make through this book will never be lost.	**30** Give you thirty scientific tests to prove how far you have come and show you how to make vocabulary building a lifetime habit.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNE favors Scorpions, Pisceans, and Cancerians this week, particularly as regards travel, marriage, and new enterprises.

These groups should make the most of opportunities, but avoid rashness.

Virgoans, Sagittarians, and Geminians, however, should live quietly and guard against losses and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Routine work proves best now, but plan ahead. March 4 (evening) fair, 5 (except noon to 3 p.m.) excellent; 10 (late), 9, and 10 all very tricky.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A mixed week. March 4 and 5 poor, 6 (late), 7, 8, and 9 quite helpful; 10 (late) and 11 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware indiscretions and upsets now, especially on March 4, 6, 7, and 8 (early). Keep to routine tasks.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Seek desired goals now, particularly on March 6 (except noon to 3 p.m.), 8 (to 2 p.m.), 10 (dusk to 10 p.m.), and 11.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular days now, so keep to routine. March 5 can be surprisingly

"Let me know if that falls on you."

favourable; 8, 9, and 10 (early) also helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Pitfalls abound now, so be cautious if you wish to dodge trouble. Worst days March 4, 6, 7, 8 (early), and 11.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Seek modest advancements. March 5 (after 3 p.m.), 8, 9, and 10 (to midday) can prove surprisingly helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Plan well and work hard now. March 8 and 9 very helpful, 10 (to 11 p.m.) excellent, and 11 (except 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.) very good.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Be cautious this week, as trouble is easy to find, especially on March 6, 7, 8 (early), and 11. Avoid change, discord.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Modest gains possible now, but avoid over-ambition. March 6 (late) and 8 (to noon) good, but rest of week difficult.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A quiet week. March 8, 9, and 10 (to dusk) very fair, but rest of week tricky, so be cautious.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Good fortune is possible this week, but avoid upsets. March 5 (after 3 p.m.), 8 (after 4 p.m.), 9, 10, and 11 (except 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.) all very good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 5-16 (5-8 expire March 30).
SUGAR: 31-8 (cumulative).
BUTTER: 10-12 (expire March 30).
MEAT: Black 22-25 (20-24 available March 17); green 25 and 27 (29 and 31 available March 17).
CLOTHING: 237-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are staying at a mountain resort. Through a telescope Mandrake watches beautiful

MARSHA DALE: And her guide attempting to climb the north face of Glass Mountain. Although warned by the hotel manager that the mountain is haunted by a ghost bear who permits no one to reach the summit, Marsha ignores the story. Mandrake watches the two climbers, and soon snow begins to fall. An icicle crashes by, and they barely escape death. Marsha trembles with fear, the guide draws his knife, then snow blots out the scene. The hotel manager tells Mandrake that the ghost bear is there. **NOW READ ON:**

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TYPICAL EXTRACTS FROM RECENT ISSUES

"I figured if you didn't like baby's new hat I could wear it."

Problem of the Month

Now that it's possible to get paint again, there's a lot of heavy activity going on in our suburb, what with people spending Saturday afternoons freshening up the old family shack. There are two houses in particular where the old man and the eldest son have been doing a spot of week-end yakka. Bob and Tom, who are father and son, are capable of doing it, like this: They each can paint the front fence of 50 posts in eight hours, but they work as a team. Opposite them, in a house with a 50-post front fence, Ted and Ned go to work on the same job. Ted, the father, can do the job in seven hours. Ned, the son, takes nine hours. But they see what their neighbors opposite are doing, and they decide to work as a team, too. By way of a bit of friendly rivalry they decide to have a race. Now, off they go, slapping on paint with much vim and vigor and mess. What do you think happens? Which pair will finish first — or will they reach the last post in a dead-heat?

Answer

SIMILAR FEATURES APPEAR MONTHLY

Personally Speaking

CHARLES HUMPHREY, of East St. Louis, Ill., married Betty Bridges on the same day that Humphrey's mother married Betty's brother, and all concerned are trying to sort out relationships. Betty's brother becomes her

Passing Sentences

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not, a sense of humor to console him for what he is.

Drying a woman's tears is one of the most dangerous occupa-

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Home Was Never Like This

MR. HOOLEY said "Much obliged," pondering the possibility that the man might not, after all, be one of his mortal enemies.

By dint of much searching he had unearthed an odd-job man. The man was on hand at eight the next morning, and at nine he had almost dismantled the dilapidated fence. Mr Hooley worked on it, resetting the posts, and then later on he painted it.

Two small boys watched him from the hedge. Mr. Hooley straightened to ease his aching back.

"Want to earn a bob?" he said. A few minutes later the boys were weeding the path.

That was Monday. By Saturday the roof was finished. The entire lawn had been turned over. Topsoil had been spread over the ground. Mr Hooley added fertiliser, sowed grass seed thickly, and was puffing behind a roller when Mayhew drove up.

"This place will go like a shot," Mr Mayhew declared. "Is Marion at home?"

"She's not been watching out of the front window for the last half-hour to see if a parade's coming by," said Mr Hooley. "Come in."

They went inside and Mr. Mayhew sat in the living-room while Marion applied last-minute touches to her hair upstairs.

"Someone will love this house," said Mr. Mayhew. "Of course, they'll want to redecorate."

"What's wrong with the decorations?" demanded Mr. Hooley belligerently; but there was a thoughtful look in his eye as he filled his pipe.

The next morning he went into town again and came back with tins of cream and eau-de-nil paint and several gallons of washable distemper.

Indoors Mrs. Hooley worked side by side with him; he turned out to have a real flair for interior decorating. It was soothing and companionable messing about together among the paint pots, and Mr. Hooley often found himself thinking of the days when they were first married.

By the end of his holiday there wasn't a square inch of the house that had not been redecorated or renovated in some way. Marion went about singing like a bird, although Mr. Hooley had the sense not to attribute it entirely to paint.

"I've got a couple who are on their toes to see it," said Mr. Mayhew on Friday night. "How about my bringing them round on Sunday?"

So eleven on Sunday morning found the three of them peering out of the window when a huge, shiny car drove up to the kerb and Mr. Mayhew got out and opened the door for the clients. The woman was

Continued from page 5

large, with a prominent chin. The man was tall, thin, and austere-looking. They looked critically at the house from the street, and then came up the path.

Marion opened the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Effington," Mayhew introduced them.

The Effingtons stood in the centre of the living-room.

"Three-way exposure," young Mayhew said. "A very bright room, and you'll notice there's plenty of wall space."

Mr. and Mrs. Effington said nothing, and Mayhew led them on into the dining-room and kitchen.

Mrs. Hooley and Marion and Mr. Hooley sat tensely on living-room chairs. Mrs. Hooley dabbed suddenly at her eyes and sniffed.

"It's so pretty," she said. "I hate to leave. It's the kind of house I've always wanted. It's beautiful."

Mr. Mayhew came back through the hall and led the clients upstairs. They could hear him opening doors and keeping up a terrific sales-talk the whole time. Only an occasional murmur came from the Effingtons. They sounded very quiet customers.

Presently they all came trooping downstairs again. "A rarity these days," Mr. Mayhew was saying.

Mr. Effington looked at his wife, inclined his head a quarter of an inch. They retired into the dining-room and gave themselves up to whispered colloquy. Mr. Hooley looked into the mirror and saw that his face grew pale. No one said anything, and then the Effingtons returned, their faces inscrutable.

Mr. Effington said, "I'll make you an offer, Mr. Hooley. I won't hedge. It's a take-it-or-leave-it proposition. After all, there are a good many disadvantages to the house."

"Disadvantages?" gasped Mr. Hooley.

"For one thing we should have to redecorate throughout."

"What's wrong with the decorations?" demanded Mr. Hooley. His face was no longer white but an unhealthy red.

Young Mayhew hastily intervened. "A matter of taste, of course."

"Of course," said Mrs. Hooley, and Marion nodded brightly. "Of course."

Mr. Hooley was heard from again. His right hand, blistered in the palm, tenderly caressed the ache in the small of his back. Mr. Hooley sounded as though he were standing at the bottom of a well.

"What's wrong with the decorations?" said Mr. Hooley.

"We don't care for them," said Mrs. Effington. "No character, no personality."

Mr. Hooley was breathing hard. Before he could speak Mr. Effington said, "And the bathroom is an antique. The dining-room is cramped. At the same time we need a house. I'm prepared to give seventeen hundred for it, and not a penny more. That's my first and final offer. I refuse to bargain."

Mrs. Hooley sighed faintly. Marion unlatched her locked fingers and breathed again. Mr. Mayhew relaxed, estimating his commission.

Mr. Hooley said slowly, "You'll give me seventeen hundred——"

"Right," said Mr. Effington crisply, producing a cheque book. "I will give you a down payment of——"

"Get out," said Mr. Hooley.

He became the centre of attraction, the recipient of blank stares. Mr. Effington blinked at him. "I beg your pardon?"

"You heard," roared Mr. Hooley. "I said get out. Go and find a house where they've got wallpaper with red grapes or yellow bananas on it or whatever you want."

Mr. Effington said stiffly, "But, my dear sir——"

ALMOST shouting, Mr. Hooley said: "Go and find a huge dining-room and lose yourself in it!"

Mrs. Effington said coldly, "Isn't this house for sale?"

"No. It's not for sale," yelled Mr. Hooley.

The Effingtons turned and confronted Mr. Mayhew. He went a dull crimson and shrugged faintly. There was a moment's complete silence and then, with as much dignity as they could muster, the Effingtons walked out.

They heard the car start up and draw away.

"I think they've been rather badly treated, dear," said Mrs. Hooley timidly. But she looked remarkably cheerful about it. "And as for poor Mr. Mayhew . . . after all the trouble he's taken . . ."

"Mr. Mayhew knows how to look after himself," said Mr. Hooley, getting back to a normal color. "Don't see why he couldn't sell your mother's house—he'd get more for that—and she could move in here if you're still keen on us all being together. After all, we shall have plenty of room. It doesn't look as though Marion's going to be with us for ever."

Marion went scarlet, and Mr. Mayhew no longer seemed the brisk and electric young salesman.

"Mr. Hooley," he said solemnly, "I've been meaning to speak to you about that."

"Don't speak to me, my boy, speak to her mother," said Mr. Hooley. "I'm nobody in this house. I'm just the man who does all the work and pays the bills . . . Fine, fine! Well, now, that's settled," he exclaimed, giving Mr. Mayhew no time to so much as open his mouth. "Now if you'll come outside with me, mother, I'll show you where I thought of putting up a conservatory . . ."

And he firmly piloted Mrs. Hooley out into the garden.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Help educate the children of the West

IT'S a long way to Education when you live 32 miles on the other side of Bourke or in similar far outback places all over Australia. Although air transport has brought us a feeling of lesser isolation in human contacts, and we are a few hours nearer the metropolis, the child is still isolated from his companions.

His mind has to be developed by the use of the correspondence system which, good as it is, adds a burden to the already hard-working mother of the household. We do like to keep our children with us for their first years.

Taxation does not give us any concessions for educating our children away from home, and if we manage without help on the land to care for their education we are penalised by taxation on the amount saved.

The normal reaction is to leave the land and drift to the city, keeping our children with us, giving them the benefits of education and civilisation. We do not want to give up our lives on the land, but we do want to fit our children for their part in a future educated world.

Education in the city is at your door, your children enjoy their home, and develop happily among others of the same age.

Could we not have free travel for our schoolchildren, tax rebate on all money used for education, and, for those who need more, actual assistance in money to send the children of the far outback to good schools. These children of to-day must become broad-minded citizens of to-morrow.

£1 to G. N. Oldfield, "Coonaroo," Bourke, N.S.W.

High postage rate

THE editorial of 12/10/46 touches an urgent problem. Could not something be done about the high postage rate on parcels to Britain?

Thanks to a good friend of mine, Mrs. Ilma Barber, of Paddington, N.S.W., we had a pre-war Christmas party with Australian jellies, tinned fruit, sweets, and Christmas pudding, but the cost of sending the parcel was very high, and this is distressing to us, as we are unable to make any repayment.

Is it not possible for you to bring this matter before the authorities and the public again?

5/- to Mrs. B. Cotterill, 144 Elton Road, Derby, England.

Wrap the bread

BREAD delivery is often unhygienic. This is especially so when delivered by horse and cart. No matter how clean and particular the baker is, he is bound to handle the reins, which sometimes fall to

the ground, or over the horse's hindquarters.

Of course he has to carry in the bread after this, and so I maintain that all bread should be suitably wrapped to prevent disease-carrying germs.

If the bread were wrapped in cellophane, it would remain fresh and moist, especially in summer.

5/- to D. Carrington, 3 Hampden Rd., Hollywood, W.A.

Clothes conscious

AT what age should mothers allow their daughters to choose their own clothes? My girl is 16, and considers she is able to buy her own frocks and coats. I don't wish to curb her individuality, but it is a pity that girls do not realise that another's opinion is helpful in selecting clothes.

The adviser sees the clothes "as others see them," and, after all, isn't that what most girls worry about?

5/- to "Mother's Opinion," Nedlands, W.A.

Doesn't like astrology

DON'T think I'm going out of my way to find fault, but there is one feature which The Australian Women's Weekly prints to which I strongly take exception. I refer to the weekly dose of superstitious twaddle called Astrology.

Astrology claims that the life of every person alive is influenced throughout by the date of his or her birth, and the position of the stars and planets at the time, as well as the phase and position of the moon.

The moon is a lifeless mass of mineral water, ten times the circumference of the earth away from it. Its weight produces half our tides, but its effect on us personally is absolutely nil. The planets are probably equally lifeless, and millions of miles away.

The "fixed" stars are so distant that their distance is scientifically expressed by the time their light takes to traverse it. The light we see to-night from a star left it many years or even centuries ago.

The position of that star is supposed to affect our health, happiness, and dealings with one another, but in the time the light has taken to reach us the star has moved to a different position altogether.

Since simple and uninformed readers may take this kind of thing too seriously, I have sent these facts to enlighten them.

5/- to 153103, LAC Stone, G. B., "K" Group, Equip. Sect., R.A.A.F. Station, Garbutt, Qld.

[We publish Astrology purely for its entertainment value.—Ed.]

In defence of retailers

SO much unfair comment has been written lately about retailers that I have an urge to say something from behind the counter.

Early in the war I bought a run-down tobacco business. Owing to the goodwill of many people in the vicinity I was able to work up a nice little business. Then came tobacco rationing and shortages.

Strangers who had never bothered to deal with me appeared at my window, looking for smokes. Having barely sufficient for my regular customers, I did not supply these strangers.

It is the fault of the public who offer higher prices if any retailers hold back stocks in order to get more money. Every day I knock back such offers. As for the oft-repeated statement that even regular customers must keep sweet by giving retailers bribes, I can only say I have no such regular on my list.

5/- to Tobacconist, Rawson Place, Sydney.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

P.30.37

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NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. Philip Berry Smith, only son of Commander Raydon Smith, R.A.N., and Mrs. Raydon Smith, weds Alison Bowman, second daughter of Mrs. Bowman, of Singleton, and the late Arthur Bowman, at St. Mark's. Reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club is attended by 200 guests.

GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED. Marjorie Northcott walks in the grounds of Government House with fiance, Captain Donald Coburn, Royal Electrical Mechanical Engineers. Couple met while serving with the B.C.O.F. in Japan, will wed at end of year, and make home in England.

FILMGOERS. The Governor, Lieut.-General Northcott, and daughter Elizabeth attend first night of "The Beginning or the End," film dealing with the making of the atom bomb. MGM manager Mr. N. B. Freeman and Mrs. Freeman receive them in vestibule.

MINERVA PREMIERE. Rhoda McNamara, a student of the Whitehall Academy of Dramatic Art, attends the first night of "The Glass Menagerie" with her cousin, Peter Brown.

Intimate Jottings

SIX hundred dancers fill Cooma Agricultural Hall after Monaro Picnic Race Club's bumper meeting. Wife of club president, Mrs. W. O. Litchfield, presents trophies, including President's Cup, won by Listell, joint entry of her husband and his brother, R. A. Litchfield.

Rae Eccleston, of Cottage Creek, riding her own entry, wins ladies' race with dashing finish. English cricketing twins, Alec and Eric Bedser, staying on the McNees' property, acclaimed social lions of gay, party-filled week-end.

• • •

AS part of Show Week's festivities, Maitland spinsters arrange ball in supper room of Town Hall on Friday night of show. Like so many social activities, Spinsters' Ball was dropped during war years. Lots of cocktail parties before ball. Mrs. R. J. Traill, Mrs. Max Rourke give parties for daughters Ruth and Lorna; Sheila Hollywood and Nell Young, both on spinsters' committee, take friends on after show for drinks before ball at night. Invitations are sent out in name of 25 hostesses, each of whom nominates ten guests.

• • •

MARGARET and JEAN LONGWORTH, of Vaucluse, off to England at short notice in French ship Monkay. Girls look forward to seeing Stuart and Doreen Longworth, the former Doreen Gedge, of Sydney. They are living at Leeds, where Stuart is doing textile course at Varsity.

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SO that friends may meet English stage and screen star Megs Jenkins, before she opens at the Minerva in "The Late Christopher Bean," the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. J. Bartley, invites small party to afternoon tea in her rooms at Town Hall this Tuesday.

• • •

DUNGOG district is feeling very proud of itself, having supplied two of team of four women to represent N.S.W. in camp draft at Royal Show. No one surprised at almost automatic selection of superb horsewoman Phyl Mackay, but inclusion of Edna Cameron, who hasn't ridden much of recent years, delights everybody.

• • •

AMONG parties given for Dal White, who plans to marry Lewis Parkes this Thursday at St. Swithin's, Pymble, are Prince's luncheon, hostessed by Judy Creer, and spinster dinner given by Mrs. Keith Anderson at her Wahroonga home. Guests at spinster dinner are fellow physiotherapists who did course with Dal. Her sister, Mrs. John Arnold, is matron of honor, fellow architect, Felix Tavener, Lewis' best man.

NORTH SHORE WEDDING at St. Martin's, Killara, for Paul McVeigh and bride, the former Margaret Monkhouse, of Roseville. Reception at Killara Golf Club. Bride wears white marquisette with lace applique. Mrs. Peter Booth-Jones wears ice-blue crepe as matron-of-honor; Brian Bowell is best man.

NOW that paint and painters to put it on are once again available, a great refurbishing and rejuvenation of houses. The Rex Carmichaels' charming house in Drumalbyn Road is already spick-and-span as to exterior, and—I am told—perfectly delightful inside, with new pastel pink walls to go with the mushroom carpets.

• • •

WHITE moss crepe beaded in silver chosen by Audrey Wilks, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilks, of Randwick, for her marriage at St. Jude's to Ernest Woodroffe, only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Woodroffe, of Northbridge.

• • •

BARBARA HARRIS, of Edgecliff, who left Ascham last year, has country holiday with Jane Smith, of Yass, before beginning dressmaking and millinery course at Technical College. Peggy Booth, of Glenfinnon, Dubbo, begins interior decorating course, and stays with Mrs. W. Mansfield, of Darling Point.

AFTER christening of new daughter at Church of the Sacred Heart, Pymble, the Harold Darks entertain 30 people to cocktails at Greenacre, Turramurra. Dianne Lesley wears heirloom robe of white voile with lace insertions for ceremony; Ursula Pellegrini is godmother, William Harper godfather.

• • •

BACK in their Vaucluse home are Commander and Mrs. R. Griffiths Bowen, who spent recent leave in leisurely tour of country districts of Victoria.

• • •

BOTH working for the same advertising agency are Mrs. Marie Stirling and Mrs. Peggy Wolfson, thus giving it a corner in brains and beauty. Love the pretty, very feminine hats Marie puts on with her tailored "business woman" suits and dresses when she goes out to lunch. That's my idea of how a working girl should look.

Joyce

LONDON VISITOR Mrs. Eric Davis lunches with her sister, Mrs. W. M. Dupain, and Mrs. Claude Plowman at Prince's. Mrs. Davis, who is staying at the Australia Hotel, returns to London shortly.

DIPLOMAT RETURNS. Colonel Longfield Lloyd and Mrs. Lloyd are snapped by our candid camera on the Taiping on the morning of their return from Tokio where Colonel Lloyd has been serving as counsellor with the British Commonwealth member of the Allied Control Council.

TEEN-AGERS. Ann Berryman, Wendy Hudson-Fysh, Sonia Hopkins, Judy Rogers, and Merlyn Hopkins rest between sets at the tennis tournament and garden party held at Victoria Barracks in aid of the War Widows' Guild. Ann's mother is president of committee.

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WORTH Reporting

WHEN the Rev. E. G. C. Weeks, of Leicester, England, received a letter asking him to choose a wife for a wealthy farmer in Canada, he put a notice in the church magazine.

Eighty women applied. They ranged from young University students to elderly widows.

Mr. Weeks asked Mr. Willis Dunn, brother of the Canadian bridegroom, to help him. They chose Miss Nellie Belcher, a 37-year-old seamstress.

Miss Belcher is strong and healthy, cheerful and attractive, with brown eyes and perfect teeth. She came third in a beauty contest once, and had film tests at Elstree.

But Mr. Weeks and Mr. Dunn didn't choose her only for her good looks.

"We were looking for a farmer's wife," said Mr. Weeks. "Miss Belcher has all the right qualities. She is sensible, and a worker. Being a seamstress, she knows how to finish a job she has started.

"She has been a nurse, a Land Girl, a Sunday-school teacher. She can cook, knit, reap, drive a tractor, milk, and make butter and cheese.

"She is placid and humorous, with charming manners. She can work in the fields and take tea with a duchess."

Said Miss Belcher: "I've always longed to go to Canada, and I've wanted a husband and a home. I never thought I should have a chance when Auntie showed me the announcement, and I couldn't believe my good fortune when I was chosen."

Now Miss Belcher gets three letters a week from Mr. George Dunn in Canada, and soon she will sail.

"I only regret," she says, "that George is well off. It would have been fun to work for prosperity together."

* * *

A LONDON grocer sent a customer a parcel of groceries with the following quotations: "For my part I take Europe to be worn out" (Walpole, 1774). "I dare not marry, the future is so dark and unsettled" (Wilberforce, 1790). "There is scarcely anything round us but ruin and despair" (William Pitt, 1800). "In industry and agriculture there is no hope" (Disraeli, 1860). "I thank God that I am spared the ruin that is gathering round us" (Duke of Wellington on his death-bed, 1852).

Movie mad

AT Port Augusta, S.A., people are talking about the extraordinary behaviour of a mob of cattle recently acquired by a nearby station.

Comprising several hundred head, they sometimes come to attention, low menacingly, toss their heads, and suddenly gallop up hill and down dale for no reason.

Altogether, they have earned a reputation for being the most temperamental cattle in the State.

Their owner's explanation: "They were some of the bovine film actors used in 'The Overlanders.'"

Animal Antics

"He says he's 300 years old—and when do we start paying off?"

Singing Pom.

"RED" MENDOZA, a Pomeranian, of Pott's Point, Sydney, belongs to a talented family.

His owner, Miss Dot Mendoza, is a well-known pianist; her husband, Mr. Frank Forde, sings on the Tivoli circuit; her daughter, June Mendoza, won a £50 prize for a portrait of Chips Rafferty; and her son, Peter Mendoza, recently appeared in "Life With Father" at the Minerva Theatre, Sydney.

Apparently this atmosphere released something in Red, because one day when Peggy Brooks was singing Red grew most excited, opened his mouth, and hit high C.

The difficulty is that he will not sing for the piano or radio, but only for a coloratura soprano.

The day we met him, Miss Dot Mendoza stroked his shiny coat and sang in a high soprano.

Red followed her. He certainly rose to a high pitch, but so far is unable to follow a tune.

We don't doubt, however, that he'll soon pick out the right notes. And then another Mendoza will appear on the stage!

Coffee on the stoep

AT the end of the Boer War, Jan Smuts bought a little tin hut, formerly a British Army hut, at Irene, nine miles from Pretoria.

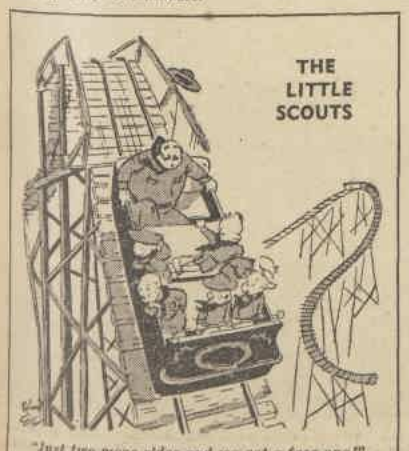
In a few weeks' time he will entertain the Royal Family there. Though General Smuts has a handsome official residence in Pretoria, the "blikhuis" (tin house) is his real home.

He has added to it, but it still retains its simplicity, and the rolling veldt comes right up to the stoep (verandah), where the General and his wife will entertain the Royal visitors informally at coffee.

In Pretoria the Royal party will rest for several days before going to Southern Rhodesia. They will stay at Government House, where the wife of the Governor-General (Mr. G. Van Zyl) will be their hostess.

Government House, Pretoria (one of the four residences of the Governor-General), is one of the show places of the Union. It is built in old Dutch style to the design of the late Sir Herbert Baker, friend of Cecil Rhodes.

Along the nearby streets are miles of jacaranda-lined avenues. There are 25,000 jacaranda trees which, when they bloom in October, envelop the town in a haze of purple flowers.



"Just two more rides and we get a free one!"

Old teacher retiring

RETIRING this month, white-haired Mr. Cortis Jones has been teaching at Newington College, Sydney, for 50 years.

"The first six months were the hardest," he told us, smoking his pipe and thinking back over the years.

"I was 21. The boys were hard to control, but then I took their measure, and I've had no trouble with them since.

"In those days I used to wear a high collar, a bow tie, a straw or hard-hitter hat, and sometimes a long walking-coat.

"The headmaster when I was first there was A. H. S. Lucas." He drew on his pipe and turned to us with a twinkling eye.

"As a matter of fact, I married his daughter."

Mr. Randle Hancock, one of Mr. Cortis Jones' contemporaries, hurried into the room.

"If you want to know anything about Mr. Jones, it's no good asking him," he said. "Ask me. He doesn't know his value.

"He's an authority on science and education. And I ought to know I've been here since 1899, and Mr. Jarvie is still here, has been since 1898."

Mr. Cortis Jones thinks the first boys he taught were better than the boys of to-day. He believes that for the Leaving Certificate there ought to be several forms separated according to quality.

"As it is," he said, "brilliant and mediocre boys are put in the same class, and the brilliant ones have to wait for the others to catch up."

Housing hoax

THOSE unpleasant types who work off a grudge by sending unwanted fire brigades, ambulances, and undertakers to their victims' houses have a new little game.

A Sydney man advertised for a room the other day. He received a telephone call from a man who said he had a vacant flat.

The flat didn't suit the advertiser, but he had hardly put down the telephone when he remembered it might suit a friend.

So he rang back. A woman answered, and said that her husband was not home and could not have made the call.

Was it about a flat, she asked, because they had had several inquiries. But they had no flat to let. Evidently someone with a grudge was answering advertisements on their behalf.

Wanted — a millionaire

WE had a letter last week from Inigo Jones, Queensland weather man, thanking us for some photographs.

"You will be pleased to know," he wrote, "that it is now raining here in accordance with the cyclical theory of the weather which I have established this observatory (at Crohamhurst) to investigate.

"Lately we have made a very important discovery which increases our knowledge of the cosmic control of the weather through the magnetic fields of the giant planets.

"This year I hope to read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society on the connection of immediate human importance between this earth and the Milky Way.

"However, if my first theories got me into trouble in the scientific world, this paper will be a positive bombshell, but I am girding my loins for the fray.

"What is required here now is the completion of the observatory so that we can handle the vast amount of data we have collected, and also the beautiful lot of material we received from Melbourne Observatory.

"In U.S.A. millionaires often walk in and put down immense sums for the work of the great observatories. I suppose you do not know where there is such a one to do that here?"

Mr. Jones, who was 74 last December, paints as a hobby, and the pictures he asked for were for reference in subject matter.

"Thank you, Sir Walter. But now you'll need my RINSO for your cloak!"

Nothing but the best!

RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS save all rubbing!

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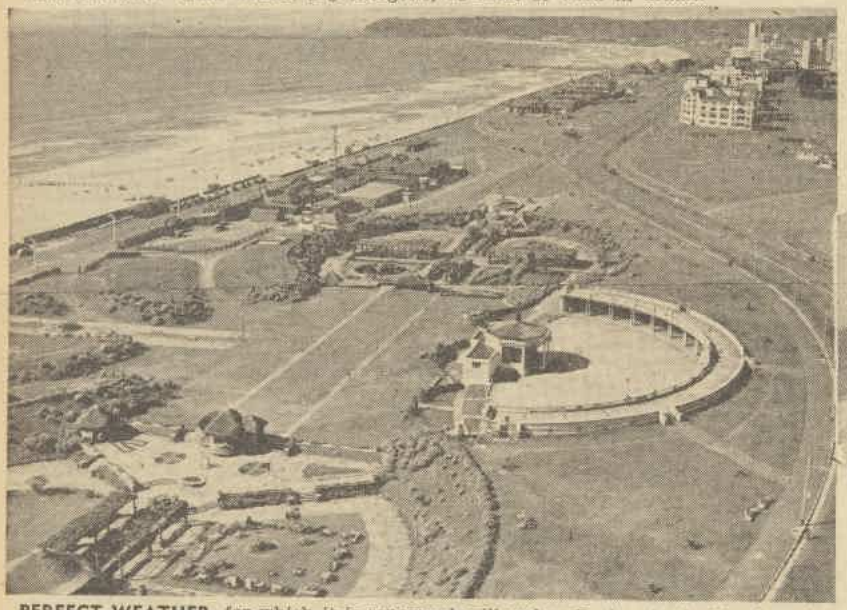
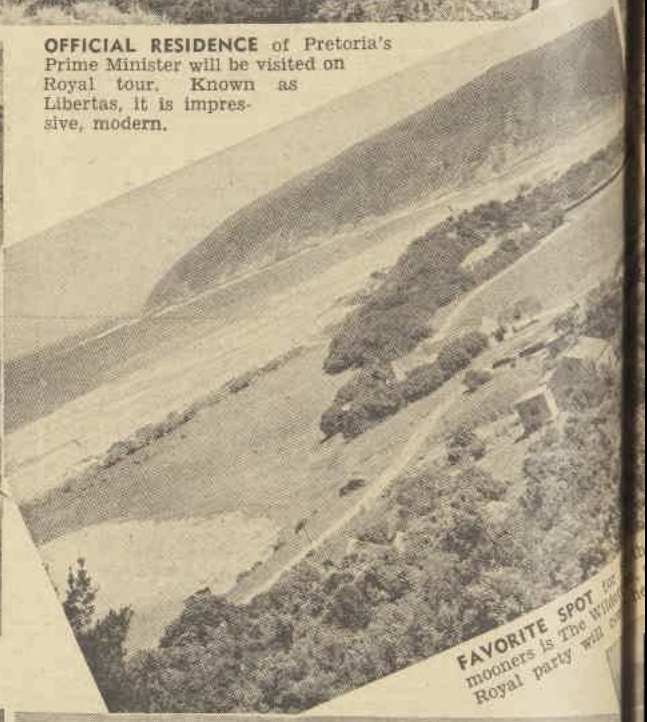
SOUTH AFRICA — AS

ZULU DANCING GIRLS, colorful in their traditional costume, rehearse the dances they will perform before the King and Queen when they visit Zululand. Zulu women are energetic, do most of work in kraals.

OFFICIAL RESIDENCE of Pretoria's Prime Minister will be visited on Royal tour. Known as Libertas, it is impressive, modern.



PERFECT WEATHER, for which it is renowned, will endear Durban to the Royal party. They will stay four days at Government House, whose windows command view of Durban's colorful seafront and gardens backed by looming mountain ranges.



FAVORITE SPOT for mooners is The Wind[illegible] Royal party will [illegible]

RELIC of earlier days is the old mill which stands in the grounds of Groote Schuur, official residence of the Prime Minister, in Capetown. Residence was bequeathed by Empire builder Cecil Rhodes, whose tomb the King will visit during the tour.

ROCKY PATHWAY to Natal's famed Mont aux Sources, [illegible] 11,763 feet above the sea at its highest point, will be climbed by [illegible] and General Smuts. South Africa is a mountaineer's [illegible]

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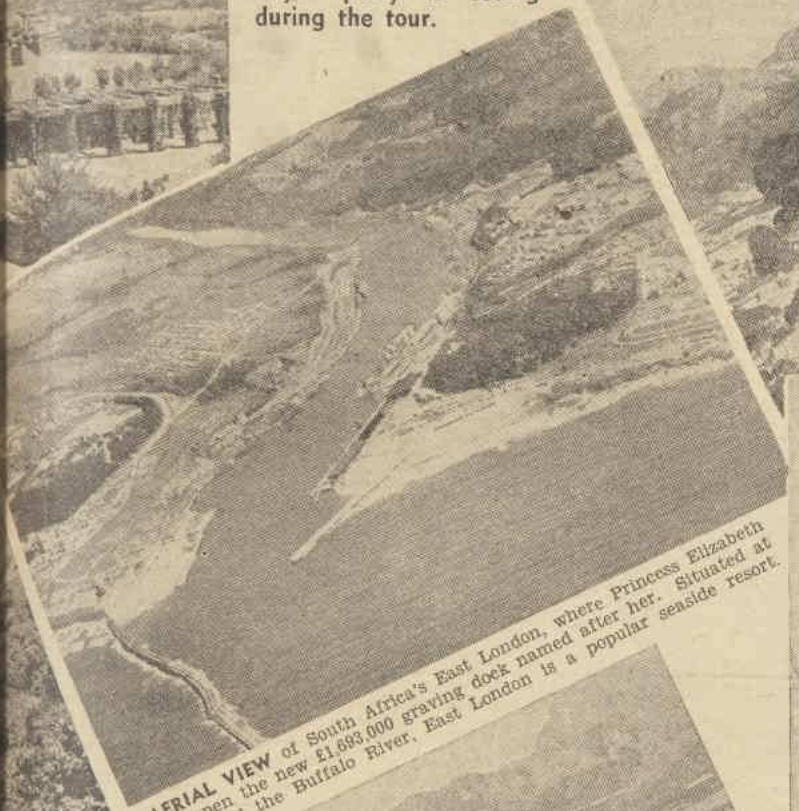
OYAL FAMILY IS SEEING IT

Lovely cities, native reserves . . . wild mountain country

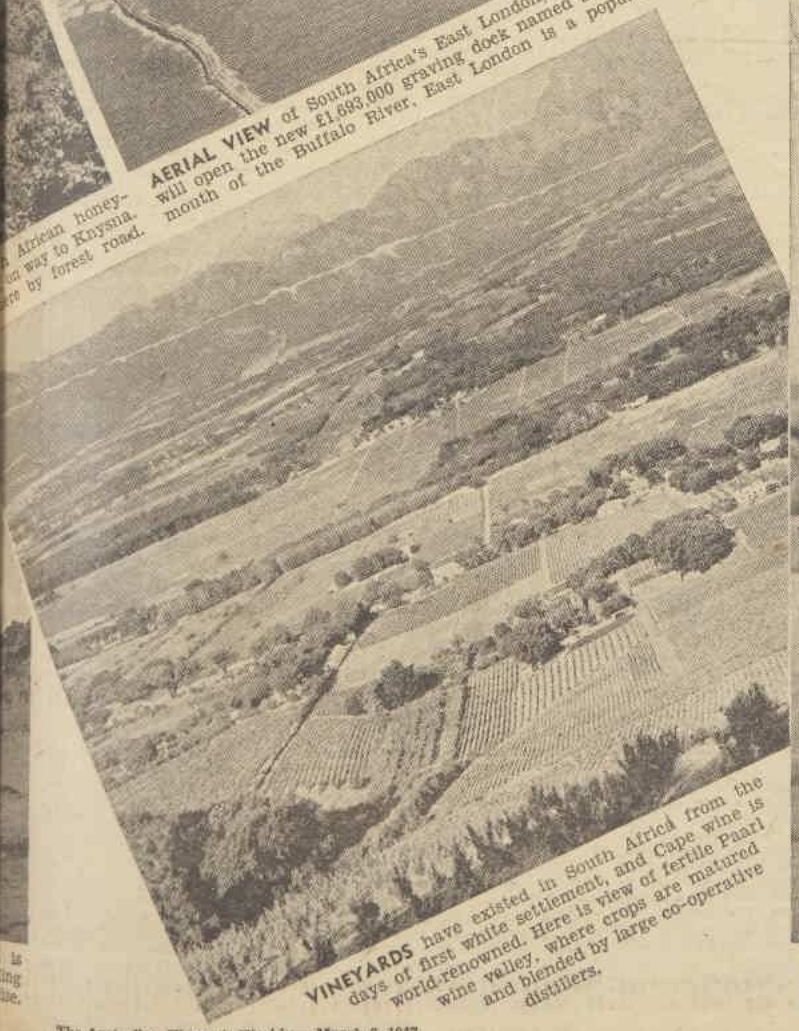
● For the first time a reigning British monarch is visiting South Africa. These pictures give some idea of the varied and beautiful country the Royal party is seeing during the tour.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, which overshadows Capetown, gave Royal party their first glimpse of country's scenery. It can be seen from far out at sea.



AERIAL VIEW of South Africa's East London, where Princess Elizabeth will open the new £1,693,000 graving dock named after her. Situated at mouth of the Buffalo River, East London is a popular seaside resort.

...African honey-... on way to Knysna. ...here by forest road.



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One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 7

INSPECTOR JAPP grinned. "Oh yes," he declared, "practically everybody has seen her! You've no idea how many middle-aged, faded-looking women wearing olive-green cardigan suits there are. She's been seen on Yorkshire moors, and in Liverpool, in Devon, and on the beach at Ramsgate! My men have spent their time patiently investigating all these reports—and one and all they've led nowhere."

Poirot clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"And yet," went on Japp, "she's a real person all right. I mean, this woman's genuine—she's got a past, a background! We know all about her from her childhood upwards! She's led a perfectly normal reasonable life—and suddenly hey presto—vanish!"

"There must be a reason," said Poirot.

"She didn't shoot Morley, if that's what you mean. Amberiotis saw him alive after she left—and we've checked up on her movements after she left Queen Charlotte Street that morning."

Poirot said impatiently: "I am not suggesting for a moment that she shot Morley."

Japp rose.

"Let me know if you have news," Poirot said in farewell.

When Japp had gone out, he sat frowning down at the table in front of him.

He remembered how he had sat before, jotting down various unrelated facts and a series of names. A bird had flown past the window with a twig in its mouth. He, too, had been collecting twigs. Five, six, picking up sticks . . .

He had the sticks—quite a number of them now. They were all there, neatly pigeonholed in his orderly mind—but he had not as yet attempted to set them in order. That was the next step—lay them straight.

What was holding him up? He knew the answer. He was waiting for something.

Something inevitable, foreordained, the next link in the chain. When it came—then—then he could go on . . .

It was late evening a week later when the summons came. Japp's voice was brusque over the telephone.

"That you, Poirot? We've found her. You'd better come round. King Leopold Mansions, Battersea Park, No. 45."

A quarter of an hour later a taxi deposited Poirot outside King Leopold Mansions. It was a big block of mansion flats looking out over Battersea Park. No. 45 was on the second floor. Japp himself opened the door. His face was grim.

"Come in," he said. "It's not particularly pleasant, but I expect you'll want to see for yourself."

"Dead?" Poirot said—but it was hardly a question.

"What you might describe as very dead!"

The room they went into was a small lumber and box room. In the middle of it was a big metal chest of the kind used for storing furs. Japp had raised the lid. Poirot stepped forward and stared inside.

He saw the foot first, with the shabby shoe on it and the ornate buckle. His first sight of Miss Sainsbury Seale had been, he remembered, a shoe buckle. His gaze travelled up, over the green wool coat and skirt till it reached the head. He made an inarticulate noise. The face had been battered out of all recognisable shape.

"Oh, well," said Japp. "It's all in the day's work—our day's work. No doubt about it, ours is a nasty job sometimes."

They went out to the living-room.

"Now tell me, my friend, all about it," Poirot said.

"This flat belongs to a Mrs. Albert Chapman," Japp told him. "Mrs. Chapman is, I gather, a well-upholstered smart blonde of forty-odd. Pays her bills, fond of an occasional game of bridge with her neighbors, but keeps herself to herself more or less. No children. Mr. Chapman is a commercial traveller.

"Sainsbury Seale came here on the evening of our interview with her. About seven-fifteen. So she probably came straight here from the Glengowrie Court. She'd been here once before, so the porter says. All perfectly clear and aboveboard—nice friendly call. The porter took Miss Sainsbury Seale up in the lift to this flat. The last he saw of her was standing on the mat pressing the bell."

"He has taken his time to remember this!" Poirot commented.

"He's had gastric trouble, it seems, been away in hospital while another man took on temporarily for him. It wasn't until about a week ago that he happened to notice in an old paper the description of a 'wanted woman' and he said to his wife: 'Sounds quite like that old cup of tea who came to see Mrs. Chapman on the second floor. She had on a green wool dress and buckles on her shoes.'

"After about another hour he registered again—'Believe she had a name, too, something like that. Miss Something or other Seale!' and after that," continued Japp, "it took him four days to overcome his natural distrust of getting mixed up with the police and come along with his information."

Poirot nodded understandingly.

"We didn't really think it would lead to anything. You've no idea of how many of these false alarms we've had. However, I sent Sergeant Beddoes along—he's a bright young fellow," Japp went on.

"Well, Beddoes got a hunch at once that we were on to something at last. For one thing this Mrs. Chapman hadn't been seen about for over a month. She'd gone away without leaving any address. That was a bit odd. In fact, everything he could learn about Mr. and Mrs. Chapman seemed odd.

"He found out the porter hadn't seen Miss Sainsbury Seale leave again. That in itself wasn't unusual. She might easily have come down the stairs and gone out without his seeing her. But then the porter told him that Mrs. Chapman had gone away rather suddenly. There was just a big printed notice outside the door the next morning: 'NO MILK. TELL NELLIE I AM CALLED AWAY.'"

POIROT'S eyebrows rose. "Nellie?" he queried. "Who might Nellie be?"

"Nellie was the daily maid who did for her. Mrs. Chapman had gone away suddenly once or twice before, so the girl didn't think it odd, but what was odd was the fact that she hadn't rung for the porter to take her luggage down or get her a taxi.

"Anyway, Beddoes decided to get into the flat. We got a search warrant and a pass key from the manager. Found nothing of interest except in the bathroom. There had been some hasty clearing up done there. There was a trace of blood on the linoleum—in the corners where it had been missed when the floor was washed over.

"After that, it was just a question of finding the body. Mrs. Chapman couldn't have left with any luggage with her or the porter would have known. Therefore the body must still be in the flat. We soon spotted that fur chest — airtight, you know—just the place. Keys were in the dressing-table drawer. We opened it up — and there we were!"

"What about Mrs. Chapman?" Poirot asked.

"What, indeed? Who is Sylvia (her name's Sylvia, by the way), what is she? One thing is certain, Sylvia, or Sylvia's friends, murdered the lady and put her in the box."

Poirot nodded.

"But why was her face battered in? It is not nice, that."

"I'll say it isn't nice! As to why—well, one can only guess. Sheer vindictiveness, perhaps. Or it may have been with the idea of concealing the woman's identity."

"But it did not conceal her identity," Poirot frowned.

"No, because not only had we got a pretty good description of what Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was wearing when she disappeared, but her handbag had been stuffed into the fur box, too, and inside the handbag there was actually an old letter addressed to her at her hotel in Russell Square."

Poirot sat up.

"But that—that does not make the commonsense!" he exclaimed.

"It certainly doesn't. I suppose it was a slip."

"Yes—perhaps—a slip. But——" He got up. "You have been over the flat?"

"Pretty well. There's nothing illuminating."

"I should like to see Mrs. Chapman's bedroom."

"Come along then."

The bedroom showed no signs of a hasty departure. It was neat and tidy. The bed had not been slept in, but was turned down ready for the night.

"No finger-prints, so far as we can see," Japp said.

"That means that the whole place was dusted very carefully after the murder?"

"Yes."

Poirot's eyes swept slowly round the room. Like the sitting-room it was furnished in the modern style—and furnished, so he thought, by someone with a moderate income. The articles in it were expensive but not ultra expensive. He looked into the built-in wardrobe and handled the clothes—smart clothes but again not of first-class quality.

His eyes fell to the shoes—they were largely of the sandal variety popular at the moment, some had exaggerated cork soles. He balanced one in his hand, registered the fact that Mrs. Chapman had taken a 5 in shoes and put it down again. In another cupboard he found a pile of furs in a heap.

"Came out of the fur chest," Japp said.

Poirot nodded. He was handling a grey squirrel coat. He remarked appreciatively: "First - class skins," and went on into the bathroom.

There was a lavish display of cosmetics. Poirot looked at them with interest. Powder, rouge, vanishing cream, skin food, two bottles of hair application.

"Not one of our natural platinum blondes, I gather," Japp said.

"At forty," Poirot murmured, "the hair of most women has begun to go grey, but Mrs. Chapman was not one to yield to nature."

"She's probably gone henna-red by now for a change."

"I wonder."

"There's something worrying you, Poirot. What is it?"

"But yes, I am worried," Poirot said. "I am very seriously worried. There is here, you see, for me an insoluble problem."

Resolutely, he went once more into the boxroom . . .

He took hold of the shoe on the dead woman's foot. It resisted and came off with difficulty. He examined the buckle. It had been clumsily sewn on by hand.

"What are you trying to do — make the thing more difficult?" Japp asked curiously.

Hercule Poirot sighed.

"It is that I am dreaming!" he said. "I don't understand . . ."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Merton of No. 82 King Leopold Mansions had been designated by the porter as Mrs. Chapman's closest friend in the Mansions.

It was, therefore, to No. 82 that Japp and Poirot betook themselves next.

Mrs. Merton was a loquacious woman, with snapping black eyes and an elaborate coiffure. It needed no pressure to make her talk. She was only too ready to rise to a dramatic situation.

"Sylvia Chapman — well, of course, I don't know her really well—not intimately, so to speak. We had a few bridge evenings occasionally and we went to the pictures together, and of course shopping sometimes. But oh, do tell me—she isn't dead, is she?"

Japp reassured her.

"Well, I'm sure I'm thankful to hear it! But the postman just now was all agog about a body having been found in one of the flats — but then one really can't believe half one hears, can one? I never do."

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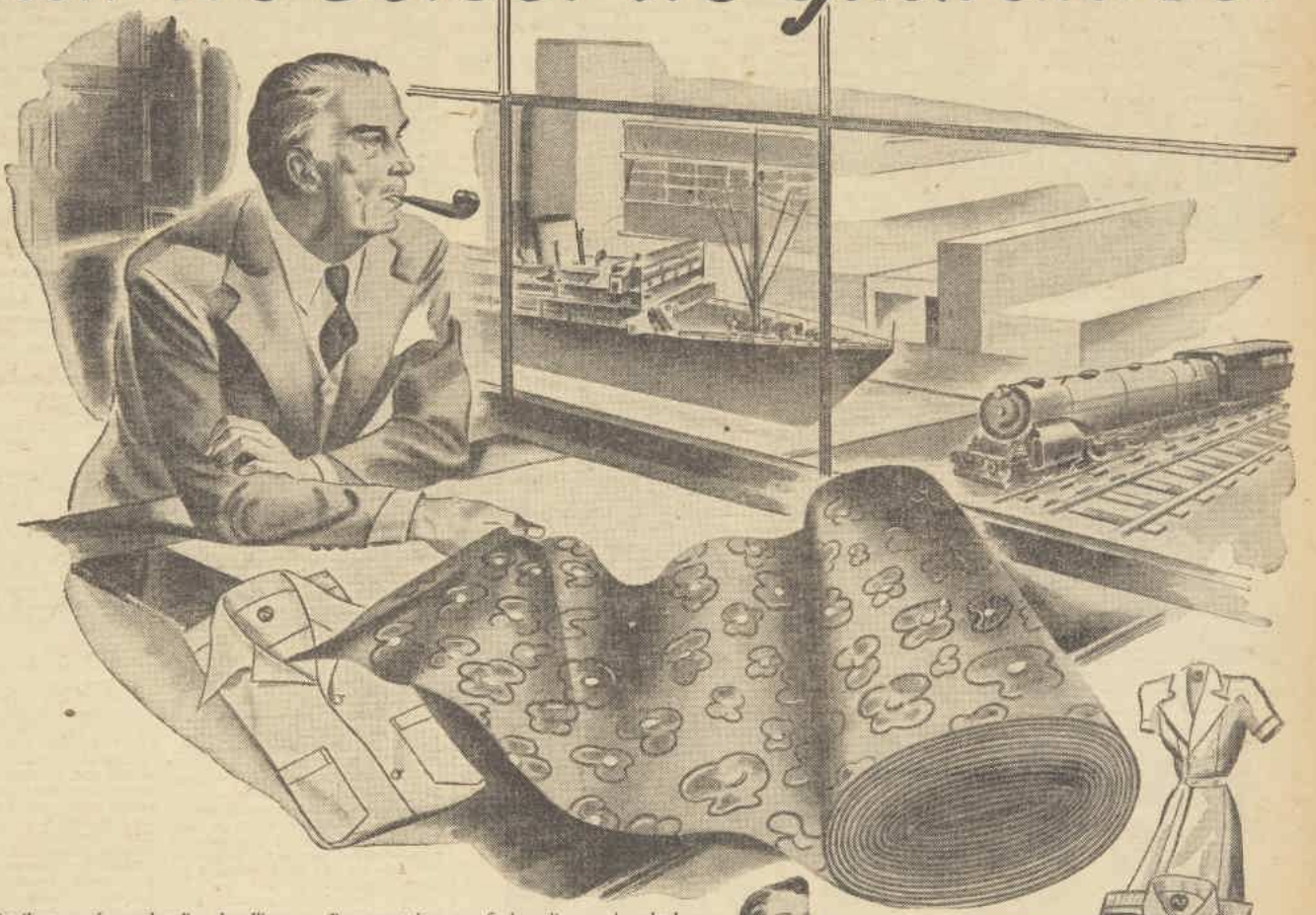

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One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

Continued from page 30

FURTHER questioned by Japp, Mrs. Merton declared that she had never heard Mrs. Chapman mention a Miss Sainsbury Seale.

"And yet, you know, the name is familiar to me, distinctly familiar. I seem to have seen it somewhere quite lately."

Japp said dryly: "It's been in all the papers for some weeks——"

"Of course—some missing person, wasn't it?"

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Merton?" Japp asked.

A rather curious expression came over Mrs. Merton's face. "He was a commercial traveller, I believe, so Mrs. Chapman told me," she said. "He travelled abroad for his firm. He went all over Europe."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"No, never. He was at home so seldom, and when he was at home he and Mrs. Chapman didn't want to bother with outsiders. Very naturally."

"Do you know if Mrs. Chapman had any near relations or friends?"

"I don't know about friends. I don't think she had any near relations. She never spoke of any."

"Was she never in India?"

"Not that I know of."

Mrs. Merton paused, and then broke out: "But please tell me—why are you asking all these questions? I quite understand that you come from Scotland Yard and all that, but there must be some special reason?"

"Well, Mrs. Merton, you are bound to know some time. As a matter of fact, a dead body has been found in Mrs. Chapman's flat."

"Oh——?" Mrs. Merton looked for a moment like the dog whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"A dead body! It wasn't Mr. Chapman, was it? Or perhaps some foreigner?"

"It wasn't a man at all—it was a woman," Japp said.

"A woman." Mrs. Merton seemed even more surprised.

"Why should you think it was a man?" Poirot asked gently.

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed more likely somehow."

"But why? Was it because Mrs. Chapman was in the habit of receiving gentleman visitors?"

"Oh, no—oh no, indeed." Mrs. Merton was indignant. "I never meant anything of that kind. Sylvia Chapman wasn't in the least that kind of woman—not at all! It was just that, with Mr. Chapman—I mean——"

She came to a stop.

"I think, Madame," Poirot said, "that you know a little more than you have told us."

"I don't know, I'm sure—what I ought to do!" Mrs. Merton said uncertainly. "I mean, I don't exactly want to betray a confidence, and, of course, I never have repeated what Sylvia told me—except just to one or two intimates whom I knew were really safe——"

Mrs. Merton paused to draw breath.

"What did Mrs. Chapman tell you?" Japp asked.

Mrs. Merton leaned forward and lowered her voice.

"It just—slipped out, as it were, one day. When we were seeing a film—about the Secret Service and Mrs. Chapman said you could see that whoever had written it didn't know much about their subject, and then it came out—only she swore me to secrecy. Mr. Chapman was in the Secret Service, I mean. That was the real reason he had to go abroad so much."

As they went down the stairs again to No. 45, Japp ejaculated with feeling: "I think I'm going mad!"

That smart young man, Sergeant Beddoes, was awaiting them.

"Haven't been able to get anything helpful from the maid, sir," he said respectfully. "Mrs. Chapman changed maids pretty often, it seems. This one had only worked for her a month or two. She says Mrs. Chapman was a nice lady, fond of the radio and pleasant spoken. Girl was of opinion the husband was a gay deceiver but that Mrs. Chapman didn't suspect it.

"She got letters from abroad sometimes. The girl's young man collects stamps, and Mrs. Chapman used to give them to her off the letters."

"Anything among Mrs. Chapman's papers?"

"Absolutely nothing, sir. She didn't keep much. A few bills and receipted accounts—all local. Some old theatre programmes, one or two cookery receipts cut out of the papers, and a pamphlet about missions."

"And we can guess who brought that here. She doesn't sound like a murderess, does she? Anybody in the other flats hear anything out of the way?"

The younger man shook his head.

"I've inquired at the flat above this and the one below. Nobody can remember hearing anything unusual. Both of them had their radios on, I gather."

The divisional surgeon came out of the bathroom where he had been washing his hands.

"Send her along when you're ready and I'll get down to brass tacks," he said cheerfully.

"No idea of the cause of death, doctor?"

"Impossible to say until I've done the autopsy. Those face injuries were definitely inflicted after death, I should say there may be distinguishing marks on the body—if there aren't, it may be a job to identify her—oh, you know who she is, that's splendid."

Poirot was hovering over the desk. He picked up a small address book.

"Nothing of special interest there," the indefatigable Beddoes said. "Mostly hairdressers, dressmakers, etc. I've noted down any private names and addresses."

Poirot opened the book at the letter D.

He read Dr. Davis, 17 Prince Albert Road; Drake and Pomponetti, Fishmongers. And below it: Dentist, Mr. Morley, 58 Queen Charlotte Street.

There was a light in Poirot's eyes.

"There will be no difficulty, I imagine, in positively identifying the body," he said.

Japp looked at him curiously.

"Surely—you don't imagine——?"

Poirot said with vehemence: "I want to be sure."

. . . . . .

Miss Morley had moved to the country. She was living in a small country cottage neart Hertford.

When Hercule Poirot turned up there, she greeted him quite amicably. Since her brother's death her face had perhaps grown slightly grimmer, her carriage more upright, her general attitude towards life more unyielding. She resented bitterly the slur cast upon her brother's professional name by the findings of the inquest.

Poirot, she had reason to believe, shared her view that the verdict of the Coroner's Court was untrue. Hence the Grenadier unbent a little.

She answered his questions readily enough and with competence.

All Mr. Morley's professional papers had been carefully filed by Miss Nevill and had been handed over by her to Mr. Morley's successor. Some of the patients had transferred themselves to Mr. Reilly, others had accepted the new partner, others again had gone to other dentists elsewhere.

After she had given what information she could, Miss Morley said: "So you have found that woman who was Henry's patient—Miss Sainsbury Seale—and she was murdered too."

The "too" was a little defiant. She stressed the word.

"Your brother never mentioned Miss Sainsbury Seale particularly to you?" Poirot asked.

"No, I don't remember his doing so. He would tell me if he had had a particularly trying patient, or if one of his patients had said something amusing he would pass it on to me, but we didn't usually talk about his work much. He was glad to forget it when the day was over. He was very tired sometimes."

"Do you remember hearing of a Mrs. Chapman among your brother's patients?"

"Chapman? No, I don't think so. Miss Nevill is really the person to help you over all this."

"I am anxious to get in touch with her. Where is she now?"

"She has taken a post with a dentist in Ramsgate, I believe."

"She has not married that young man Frank Carter yet?"

"No. I rather hope that will never come off. I don't like that young man, M. Poirot. I really don't. There is something wrong about him. I still feel that he hasn't really any proper moral sense."

"Do you think it is possible that he could have shot your brother?" Poirot asked.

"I do feel perhaps that he would be capable of it," Miss Morley said slowly. "He has a very uncontrollable temper. But I don't really see that he had any motive—nor opportunity for that matter. You see, it wasn't as though Henry had succeeded in persuading Gladys to give him up. She was sticking to him in the most faithful way."

"Could he have been bribed, do you think?"

"Bribed? To kill my brother? What an extraordinary idea!"

A nice-looking dark-haired girl brought in the tea at this moment.

"That girl was with you in London, was she not?" Poirot asked, as she closed the door behind her again.

"Agnes? Yes, she was house-parlormaid. I let the cook go—she didn't want to come to the country anyway—and Agnes does everything for me. She is turning into quite a nice little cook."

Poirot nodded. He knew very accurately the domestic arrangements of 58 Queen Charlotte Street. They had been thoroughly gone into at the time of the tragedy.

Both cook and house-parlormaid had been with the Morleys for some years and bore good characters. So, although it was theoretically possible that one or other of them might have sneaked to the second floor and shot her master, the possibility had never been taken seriously into account.

Neither of the two had appeared unduly flustered or upset at being questioned, and there certainly seemed no possible reason for connecting either of them with his death.

Nevertheless, as Agnes handed Poirot his hat and stick on leaving, she asked him with an unusually nervous abruptness: "Does—does anyone know anything more about the master's death, sir?"

Poirot turned to look at her.

"Nothing fresh has come to light," he said.

"They're still quite sure as he did shoot himself because he'd made a mistake with that drug?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

Agnes pleated her apron. Her face was averted.

"The—the mistress doesn't think so," she said rather indistinctly.

"And you agree with her, perhaps?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know nothing, sir. I only—I only wanted to be sure."

"It would be a relief to you to feel beyond any possible doubt that it was suicide?" Poirot said gently.

"Oh, yes, sir," Agnes agreed quickly, "it would indeed."

"For a special reason, perhaps?"

Her startled eyes met his. She shrank back a little.

"I—I don't know anything about it, sir. I only just asked."

But why did she ask? Hercule Poirot demanded of himself, as he walked down the path to the gate. He felt sure that there was an answer to that question. But as yet he could not guess what it was.

All the same, he felt a step nearer.

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Continuing . . . For Always

MISS MARTIN spoke excitedly. "Just listen to this. Robert Harrison Cummings, eight months, eighteen pounds. Only living relatives a nine-year-old sister and an aunt." She looked up. "Both parents were killed in a motor accident. They were—well, people like you and Mr. Gregory. We've checked on them carefully."

"You mentioned a sister," Rosalind said.

"She will go to the aunt. It's fortunate for her that there is one. Not many people want a nine-year-old girl, and she's a plain little thing."

Miss Martin pressed a button and a nurse appeared with a sturdy baby in her arms. He scowled at Rosalind and pushed out his lip.

"You're strange to him," Miss Martin said.

No stranger, Rosalind thought, than he is to me. Aloud she said, "He—he's sweet!" It seemed to be the right thing to say. Miss Martin beamed.

"Would you like to see the sister?"

"No," Rosalind said. "I'd rather not, if it doesn't make any difference."

"None at all." Miss Martin nodded dismissal, and the nurse took the baby out.

Rosalind listened, again with the sense of reprieve, to a brisk explanation of the formalities that would delay the actual adoption, and escaped at last with a formidable typewritten list of the things a baby needed. It seemed endless and vaguely terrifying.

Peter went with her to bring the baby home. His eagerness kept him from noticing Rosalind's silence. He drove much too fast.

Miss Martin was waiting in a nursery. Robert, in a blue knit romper suit, gripped the bars of a cot and stared solemnly out at them. Peter swooped down and lifted him high in the air.

Rosalind protested, "Be careful. You'll frighten him."

Miss Martin shook her head. "Nonsense. He loves it. You don't have to be fussy with that one. He's a regular boy."

"I'll say he is," Peter said. "Just look at those legs, Rosy."

"Perhaps Mrs. Gregory would like to hold him while you come to my office and sign the papers," Miss Martin said.

Peter dropped Robert in Rosalind's lap and followed Miss Martin out. Rosalind held the baby stiffly. He was a sturdy child, but in her arms he felt queerly little.

A door opened and a little girl slipped into the room. The baby leaned toward her, crowing, but she didn't come close enough to touch him. She stood with her hands behind her. Her skimpy plain dress came just above her bony knees, and her hair was strained back from her thin face in two thick plaits.

"I'm Deborah," she said.

Rosalind nodded. "I know."

"I brought you his lamb." Deborah held out a dirty plush animal, once white, and the baby snatched at it. "He won't go to sleep without it," Deborah said. She talked fast, with her eyes on the door to Miss Martin's office.

"He doesn't like egg, but he'll eat it if you mix it with his porridge. And he likes to be sung to and he likes spoons to play with. He's awfully good, and smart, too. I think"—her voice broke a little—"I think he's going to walk very young." She touched the baby's cheek lightly and fled.

Rosalind heard Peter's hearty voice. She stuffed the lamb into her bag. When Peter and Miss

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Martin came in she stood up so quickly that Peter glanced curiously at her.

"Anything wrong, Rosy?"

"No. I was just"—her voice wasn't quite steady—"I think I was just in a hurry to take him home."

It was incredible to Rosalind that one small child could bring so much confusion to a household. Lilian declined more than a nodding acquaintance with Robert. She would inspect him through the nursery door, but she took no part in the turmoil of which he was the cause and focus. Unaided, Rosalind struggled with baths, feeding, dressings and undressings.

Robert accepted her ministerings matter-of-factly. She waited in vain for any illusion of motherhood. There was always the feeling that she was caring for another woman's child. And every night the dingy lamb brought back the memory of a little girl's pinched face and a treble voice: "I think he's going to walk very young."

When Peter came home he would tiptoe up to the nursery, look in at the sleeping child, and then come down, trying to pretend he wasn't disappointed.

"It's natural for him to sleep most of the time now," he'd say. "When he's older he'll be more fun."

Meanwhile there was not much fun for Peter and less for Rosalind. Lilian left each evening as soon as she finished with the dinner dishes, so that there was never even a question, for Peter and Rosalind, of going out.

It wasn't so bad for Peter. He was teaching himself chess. Rosalind, weary and nervous after her day with the baby, grew to hate the sight of the book and the little board that Peter balanced on his knees.

Once, looking up suddenly and meeting her resentful eyes, he asked her if she wouldn't like to try a game.

"I'm too tired to learn." She didn't try to keep the anger out of her voice.

It led to a small quarrel. Peter couldn't understand why taking care of one child should tire an able-bodied young woman. His mother had taken care of eight. And she hadn't had a maid, either, he pointed out.

There were other quarrels; over his chess; over the bottle that began again to be regularly at his elbow. The morning after one of them Rosalind faced the fact that the baby, instead of helping her to hold Peter, was helping her to lose him. And, suddenly remembering that the adoption wouldn't be final for some months, she realised that losing Peter might mean losing Robert, too.

The thought frightened her with a new, strange, terror in which mysteriously there was blended a newer, stranger happiness and triumph. Suddenly and surely Rosalind knew its meaning. Suddenly and surely even her hands knew that the child they held and fed was their own. Their very own.

This new afraidness was part of the price of being a mother. Perhaps the most important part, Rosalind thought. Because paying only this seemed to buy all you could have bought if you had paid in full.

Rosalind paid again, a little later in the morning, when Miss Martin telephoned. For a bad moment Rosalind half expected her to say that the centre was going to take Robert back. But Miss Martin was apologetic.

"I hate to trouble you," she said, "but I just had to promise Deborah I'd ask you."

"Ask me what?" Rosalind was still on her guard.

"Her aunt's coming for her next week and the child's simply obsessed with the idea of—of having these last few days with Robert. She keeps saying that perhaps she'll be able to bear never seeing him again if she can think back and remember all about the house he'll be living in, about you and Mr. Gregory. I know it doesn't make sense, but—"

"I think it does," Rosalind said. "Can you bring her to-day?"

But after Miss Martin stopped thanking her and rang off, she wasn't so sure that it made sense—for anybody except Deborah. Even this new understanding that had made it impossible for her to say no didn't keep her from realising what she would have to pay for saying yes.

Having a plain, unhappy little girl in the house wasn't likely to improve Peter's temper or cure Lilian's sulkiness or make it easier for Rosalind, with two children on her hands instead of one.

Deborah, accompanied by Miss Martin, arrived late that afternoon. She was even thinner than Rosalind remembered. Her eyes under the brim of her straw hat seemed enormous. She looked frightened. Rosalind, greeting her at the door, was a little frightened, too. It made her put an extra warmth in her voice.

"Robert's up in his room, Deborah—the second door on the right."

"I'd better say good-bye before you go up, Deborah," Miss Martin said.

The child returned her hug affectionately, but the big eyes watched the stairs. Rosalind, listening to Miss Martin's flow of thanks, watched them, too. But she waited a long time after Miss Martin left before she went up. She found the baby asleep and Deborah sitting in the chintz rocker.

"When does he get fed?" Deborah whispered.

Rosalind's eyes flew to her watch. "It's after his time right now." She felt queerly guilty under Deborah's eyes.

"You mustn't think I'm careless about it. This is the very first time I've been late." She looked down at the baby. "Usually he cries a little."

"He did," Deborah said. "I rocked him."

He was crying again, in earnest, when Rosalind came back to fetch him after preparing his meal. Deborah's presence made her self-conscious. She was awkward with the routine that had begun to be familiar, and Robert howled.

Rosalind didn't have the heart to send Deborah away, but she kept wondering how she was going to get through the next few days, how she was even going to get through this evening, with this grave, plain little girl tightening the tension between her and Peter.

Dinner, though, went off better than she had dared to hope. Deborah was quiet and well mannered and Peter was jovially good-natured with her. He heaped her plate so high that the big eyes looked frightened.

"You don't have to eat it all," Rosalind said. "That's just Mr. Gregory's way of showing he's glad you're here. When he likes people he gives them lots to eat."

She laughed, remembering the picnic at which she'd first met Peter and how he'd plied her with food. Over the low bowl of roses her eyes met his. He was remembering, too, and laughing.

Please turn to page 37

"No need to feel unchivalrous if you keep your eyes closed."

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says Aunt Jenny

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BROKEN-DOWN CAIRN and 25 small trees mark the Kudna Rockhole, which Captain Thomson's party located for the first time in 67 years. It is in the centre of mile after mile of flat country sprinkled with saltbush and bluebush.

Secrets of Nullarbor

Exploring party found caves and catacombs lost for 67 years

. . By . .
FREDA YOUNG

A marine pilot, two farmers, a geologist, a surveyor, two businessmen, and an engineer were some of the members of the party which has explored the Catacombs in the Nullarbor Plain, on the western border of South Australia, which had not been seen for 67 years.

Captain John Maitland Thomson, pilot, of Semaphore, South Australia, who led the party, proved that a sailor can "navigate" as well on land as on sea.

PART of his annual vacation from piloting steamers into Outer Harbor and up the Port River was spent in leading his fifth expedition in search of Kudna Rockhole and nearby Catacombs.

First record of these was made in 1865 by Surveyor E. A. Delisser, and they were last seen by Surveyor James W. Jones in 1880.

It is many years since the idea of investigating the Nullarbor Plains first captivated Captain Thomson.

He led his first expedition in 1933, and his fourth was an aerial survey with accompanying ground party in 1939.

The extraordinary thing is that his trained seaman's eye on his recent trip was able to pick up his car tracks made nine years before.

Ten men accompanied him this time, and they were away from home for a fortnight.

"We absolutely slaved to get through our schedule," says Captain Thomson.

Party personnel

"WE worked from 6.30 a.m. until 10.30 p.m., and travelled 2496 miles"—a close estimate, as he had predicted 2500.

The expedition was financed by the members, who pooled their resources.

Ted Harris, a farmer, of Bute, was second in command. (He led the ground party on the 1939 expedition.)

His huge truck carried the stores, which included 300 gallons of petrol and 140 gallons of water—"Very precious stores in that sort of country," said Ted.

Les Dunnet, a retired farmer from the West Coast, and "a wonderful bushman," had been on two previous expeditions with the Captain. His son Eugene went, too.

Don King, a geologist from the Adelaide University, was delighted with some of the specimens collected.

F. E. Ellis, a surveyor from the Harbors Board, was the only casualty. He cut his foot badly on a jagged rock in Koonalda River Cave, the largest known on the plains.

The arduous ascent later, which included a rough, 50ft. ladder climb, ripped his wound some more, and he had considerable trouble. He was rested at a station before returning home.

It was the first experience at exploring for Semaphore businessman Keith V. Knowles, who enjoyed every minute of it. His son Ron went along, too.

Bob Smith, an engineer, Dave Morris, and Kevin Faster, a Port Pirie businessman, completed the personnel.

Captain Thomson is charting their discoveries on a map supplied by the Surveyor-General's Department. His geological specimens and scientific information go to the Adelaide University.

Most of the trip was over flat, trackless country sprinkled with saltbush and bluebush.

"And always a mirage," said Captain Thomson. "There was more mirage than I have ever seen at sea."

"You could not see more than three-quarters of a mile away because of it," said Mr. Harris, taking up the story, "and because of refraction we could not use the horizon in estimating our bearings. The mirage made it seem that there was always a rise ahead."

While exploring they plotted their course carefully—so many miles in one direction, then a right-angle turn and so many miles; then another turn. They used a sextant, a compass, and the car's speedometer.

When they explored on foot they never let their car out of their sight.

"For footsteps don't register on that dry limestone country," said Ted Harris.

Altogether they visited about 26 caves, discovered six or seven new ones, and investigated some new blowholes.

"We could have gone on endlessly with our discoveries if we had had more time," Ted said.

"At one stage we despaired of ever finding the rockhole and Catacombs," he added.

"We started out at 6.30 one morning and at 4.30 p.m. we just about gave it up. Capt. Thomson was very disappointed.

"Then we saw a group of trees in the distance (we later counted 25 small trees in the group). So on we went for almost another mile and found the rockhole.

"We knew we were right, because we found two old water-cans and the remains of two cairns, one of which Jones said he'd built in 1880.—

"The tins probably dated back to Delisser. The party souvenired the meat-tin.

"The rockhole is about the size of a 44-gallon drum and much that shape. During rainfall the water pours into it from a natural catchment. On this trip it had no water but was still damp at the bottom."

Back in '65 Delisser noted having found a dingo track leading to the rockhole. It is still there.

The rockhole established, the party then journeyed about three-quarters of a mile south and found the despaired-of Catacombs.

It was a thrilling climax to a hard day.

Although these caves are known as the Catacombs, there is no trace of them ever having been used for burial by the aborigines.

In fact, consensus of opinion is that this territory is much too dry for aborigines, who, anyway, in years gone by, were terrified of it, believing it to be the home of a fabulous monster serpent.

In common with other caves and blowholes on the plains, valuable fossils were found here.

The entrance to the Catacombs, which resembled a long slit in a rocky depression, swarmed with bird life.

"The Catacombs were not as large as Mr. Jones believed, with his candlelight and firesticks. Lots of smaller passages led off the main tunnel. They were anything from 100 feet below the surface," said Ted Harris.

One of the thrills of the expedition was the discovery among the quondong trees round the Catacombs' entrance of a large number of yellow birds which none of the party could identify.

The size of canaries, their plumage was orange-yellow with touches of red on the breast, and red, green, and yellow colorings on the front of the wings.

They had everyone intrigued. Unfortunately, there was no color film among the camera equipment.

The party took a winch and derrick to lower the explorers into the Catacombs, caves, and blowholes.

Cave entrances were most deceptive, and it was often only by watching the flight of swallows that they were able to find caves.

Inside, the caves were black, and the party used flares, and all carried torches in their belts.

Some caves revealed unbelievable beauty in stalactite and stalagmite formations. The beauty of others was in the coloring of ceiling and walls, and in the noble architecture of a series of lofty arches.

In some cases the floors were flat and covered with damp silt. Others were rough and rocky, and in others there were rivers, lakes, and islands.

The air was often close, and it was a relief to come up again.

In all there was the eerie effect of vast emptiness.

Although Koonalda, the largest cave, was well known, the length of its river had never been gauged, so the party took a canoe to explore it.

"It was a job getting that canoe down," said Mr. Harris. "We had to take two large drums to lash to its sides to keep it from capsizing, and in addition to this we had ladders, cameras, and instruments, all to be lowered and brought up again."

The river was about 1000 feet long, and varied from six to about 20 feet deep.

The water had about two ounces to the gallon of salt in it, although in one part of the cave a small amount of water was fresh.

Ice-cold bathing

IN the Weebabbie Cave, across the W.A. border, which is 300 feet below the surface, the men swam in 100-foot deep icy-cold water.

"If they had got cramp nothing could have saved them," one member said.

Twice Captain Thomson explored blowholes, being let down on a rope. In one of them he went down 40 feet without finding an opening.

These freaks of nature, which seem to defy explanation, sometimes blow out, sometimes draw in air, and sometimes are still.

One may draw in and another blow out quite near to each other, says Capt. Thomson. The wind is strong enough to blow a hat out of one's hand in a blow out or to flutter a handkerchief wildly.

Sometimes in a blow out the men would sit on the edge and dangle their legs, which would become icy-cold, while the rest of their bodies would frizzle above.

One member of the party found an eight-inch fossilised sea shell in a blowhole. This delighted the geologist.

A system of rope signalling was used between the man in the blowhole and those above.

The cooking was shared by six of the members working in relays of three a day.

Sometimes the Captain gave a hand and more than once got up early and gave the men tea in bed.

Needless to say, without reflecting on anyone's culinary skill, they were glad when invited to home-cooked meals at some station or another, especially when such meals included roast turkey and cream puffs.

LEADER of the expedition, Captain Thomson (right), and his second-in-command, Ted Harris, examining official map of Nullarbor Plain.

LIMESTONE REFLECTIONS make the explorers' little canoe look like a fairy craft in the 1000-foot river tunnel in Koonalda Cave.

INSIDE THE CATACOMBS. L. to r.: Eugene Dunnet, Bob Smith, Ron Knowles, and K. V. Knowles.

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For Always

Continued from page 34

IT startled Rosalind, that laughter; she hadn't realised how rare it had become.

Afterwards, when Deborah helped Lilian clear the table and stayed on in the kitchen to help with the dishes, Rosalind worried a little, remembering how Lilian felt about any trespassing in her kitchen; but presently, above the clink of china and silver, she heard Lilian's slow giggle.

It had been a long time, too, since she had heard that giggle. It seemed to bring some of its cheerfulness into the living-room, so that for once Rosalind didn't resent Peter's chessboard; and when he looked up from it, ready for another quarrel, she only smiled at him and reached contentedly for her knitting.

Deborah came in so quietly that no one noticed her until her foot caught in the fringe of the rug and sent her stumbling against Peter's knee. The chessmen scattered.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry." Deborah was down on her bony knees, groping under the couch, showing holes in the soles of her shoes.

Rosalind waited tensely for the flare of Peter's new, quick anger. But he only laughed.

"It was my fault, Debby." He got down beside her. "Anyone with any sense would play on a table."

"Then why don't you?" Deborah scrambled up, her hands full of chessmen.

"Habit, I suppose," Peter said. "In New Guinea there generally wasn't a table handy." He began rearranging the board.

Deborah watched him, her chin cupped in her hands. "Were you in New Guinea to fight in the war, Mr. Gregory? Did you have to kill people?"

Rosalind caught her breath. This could be bad. But again Peter only laughed.

"Most of the time I sat around with a chessboard on my knees." He stood up. "I think I'll have a drink." His eyes challenged Rosalind's, and for a moment the words that he expected were on her lips. And then, with Deborah watching her solemnly, she found it strangely easy to let them stay unsaid.

"Perhaps Deborah would like one, too," she said. "Milk, Deborah, or lemonade?"

Deborah's eyes widened. "Lemonade would be like—like having a party."

"A party it is." Peter's voice was gay. "But you have to help me with it, Debby. Come on."

They went out together, hand in hand, then Rosalind listened to the tinkle of ice cubes and the almost forgotten sound of Peter's laugh. There were two tall glasses of lemonade on the tray he carried in, beside his own whisky and soda. Deborah, her eyes trying not to dance, brought a plate of biscuits.

Somehow, Rosalind, watching her as she ate and drank, seemed to have a share in her solemn happiness, and Peter, elbows on his knees, watched her, too, apparently forgetting the glass he was holding.

When Rosalind took Deborah up to the spare room the child regarded the big double bed with awe. She looked pathetically little in the wide, high-ceilinged room, but when Rosalind began to help her undress she shook her head.

"I can get ready for bed myself, Mrs. Gregory, thank you."

Rosalind hesitated and then went out. Downstairs, Peter had resumed his game, but Rosalind didn't seem to mind it. His glass, she noticed, was still half-full.

It wasn't empty when he looked up, perhaps an hour later, to echo her good-night—an echo as absent-minded and brief as usual, except that this time there was no coolness in it.

Long afterwards a faint whimpering woke her. She slipped out of bed without switching on the light. But Peter was awake too.

"That the baby crying?"

"I think it's the little girl."

She crossed the hall. Moonlight streamed in on the canopied bed. Deborah lay face downwards sobbing quietly.

"I think this is too big a bed for such a small girl," Rosalind said gently. "To-morrow we'll put a cot in Robert's room for you."

There was no answer, but the sobbing stopped and presently the breathing was slow and regular. Rosalind tiptoed back, but Peter was still awake, sitting up.

"What was the matter?"

"Nothing—or everything." Rosalind slipped into bed. "Little girls—and big ones—just cry in the night sometimes."

There was no answer, but after a moment Peter's hand came across the space between the beds and gently touched her cheek.

. . . . . .

The chessboard was on a card table to-night. Peter was teaching Deborah to play. Rosalind watched them bending intently over the board, Deborah listening earnestly while Peter explained the moves.

Rosalind felt a warm glow of gratefulness toward him. He'd been sweet to the child, bringing little gifts home to her, talking to her patiently after dinner.

The clock struck eight.

"Sorry, Deborah," Rosalind said. "Bedtime."

Deborah sighed as she stood up. "I wish I didn't have to stop."

"You're learning fast," Peter said. "Another week and you'll be beating me."

"I—I won't be here another week," Deborah said. She went out quickly.

Rosalind followed her, trying to quiet an unreasonable sense of self-reproach by breaking the child's own rule about getting ready for bed by herself. For once Deborah didn't seem to mind being helped, and Rosalind discovered a new, strangely poignant pleasure in tucking her into bed and kissing her good-night. When she came downstairs Peter was standing at the window, looking out into the night.

"I'm going to miss the kid," he said.

His glance moved to the chessboard, and came back to Rosalind. He put an arm round her. She was startled by the sudden quickening of her heart, as if being close to Peter were something new and strange and breathless. Like—like falling in love.

"Do you suppose you could teach me to play chess, Peter?" She drew away from him and fingered an ivory queen. "I won't be as bright about it as Deborah, but I'd like to try."

THE bus left Rosalind two blocks from home. She found herself hurrying faster and faster as she neared the house. It had been fun to get away for the afternoon, without having to worry about the baby, but it was better fun to be coming back to him. She was a little out of breath when she let herself in, but she kept on hurrying.

She was on the stairs before she heard the voices in the kitchen: Robert's gurgling crow and Deborah's small, happy laughter, and then Lilian's low-pitched singing.

None of them saw her at first. Deborah, with Robert in her arms, was watching as Lilian danced, hands on hips, skirt swirling. She stopped when she saw Rosalind.

"I was just——" she began defensively.

"He likes to hear her sing," Deborah said.

"I don't blame him," Rosalind said. It occurred to her that lately, without noticing that she was hearing it again, she, too, had been liking the low, cheerful sound of that singing. "But it's time for your feeding, fellow."

Deborah carried Robert to the nursery. He was heavy for her, but Rosalind hadn't the heart to take him from her. There'd be only one more night for her to do it.

Watching her, Rosalind's compassionate heartache suddenly brought inspiration to her. She went to her room and searched in her jewel box till she found a child's bracelet of linked gold hearts set with tiny rubies. She brought it back and clasped it on Deborah's thin little wrist.

"This was my grandmother's, when she was a little girl, and then it was my mother's, when she was a little girl, and then it was mine. And now—now it's yours, Debby."

"To keep?" Deborah's eyes were shining. Rosalind nodded. "And some day, when I have a little girl——" Deborah's voice faltered.

"Then it'll be hers." Rosalind bent and kissed her.

The telephone bell gave her an excuse for leaving the room before Deborah could see the tears on her cheeks. The sound of Miss Martin's voice over the wire quickened the queer pain in her heart. If Deborah's aunt had come, two days ahead of time——

But that was not the news that Miss Martin, apologetically, had to give her. They talked a long time, so long that when they finished Peter was in the nursery, holding Robert in his arms while Deborah showed him her bracelet.

"Don't you want to show it to Lilian, too, Debby?" Rosalind said, and Deborah ran for the door.

Rosalind turned to find Peter. There was a new look in his eyes.

"Her aunt isn't coming for her," Rosalind whispered. "Miss Martin's had a letter telling her to send the child by herself. She read it to me. A perfectly hateful letter, Peter, that nobody but a perfectly hateful woman could have written." Her voice trembled.

"She says that as long as she's being big-hearted enough to give Debby a home, she can't be expected to waste money coming after her, and if a nine-year-old girl isn't capable of travelling alone on a train for a few hundred miles it's time she learned. Miss Martin said——"

"That was your grandmother's bracelet, wasn't it?" Peter said slowly. "The one you used to say you were keeping for—for your daughter."

"I wanted Debby to have it," Rosalind said. She managed to hold her voice almost steady. "I'd given it to her before Miss Martin telephoned. When I didn't know there was any chance of——"

Debby came running in, and Rosalind wondered how she could ever have thought that Deborah was plain. Peter's face didn't look as if he thought so now any more than Rosalind thought so.

"Debby," he said, "your aunt isn't coming for you the day after to-morrow. Or any other day. You're going to stay with us."

Deborah's voice came out in a small whisper. "For always?" she said. "Do you mean for always?"

"Yes," Peter said. "For always." He put Robert into Rosalind's arms and motioned her to sit down on the cot. He sat down beside her, drawing Deborah against his knee. "Portrait," he said. "Portrait of a family."

He turned to look at Rosalind. And suddenly she was thinking of their honeymoon, and Peter laughing, just as he was laughing now, his hair dark against a bank of flaming clouds, and herself, safe and content, in his arms.

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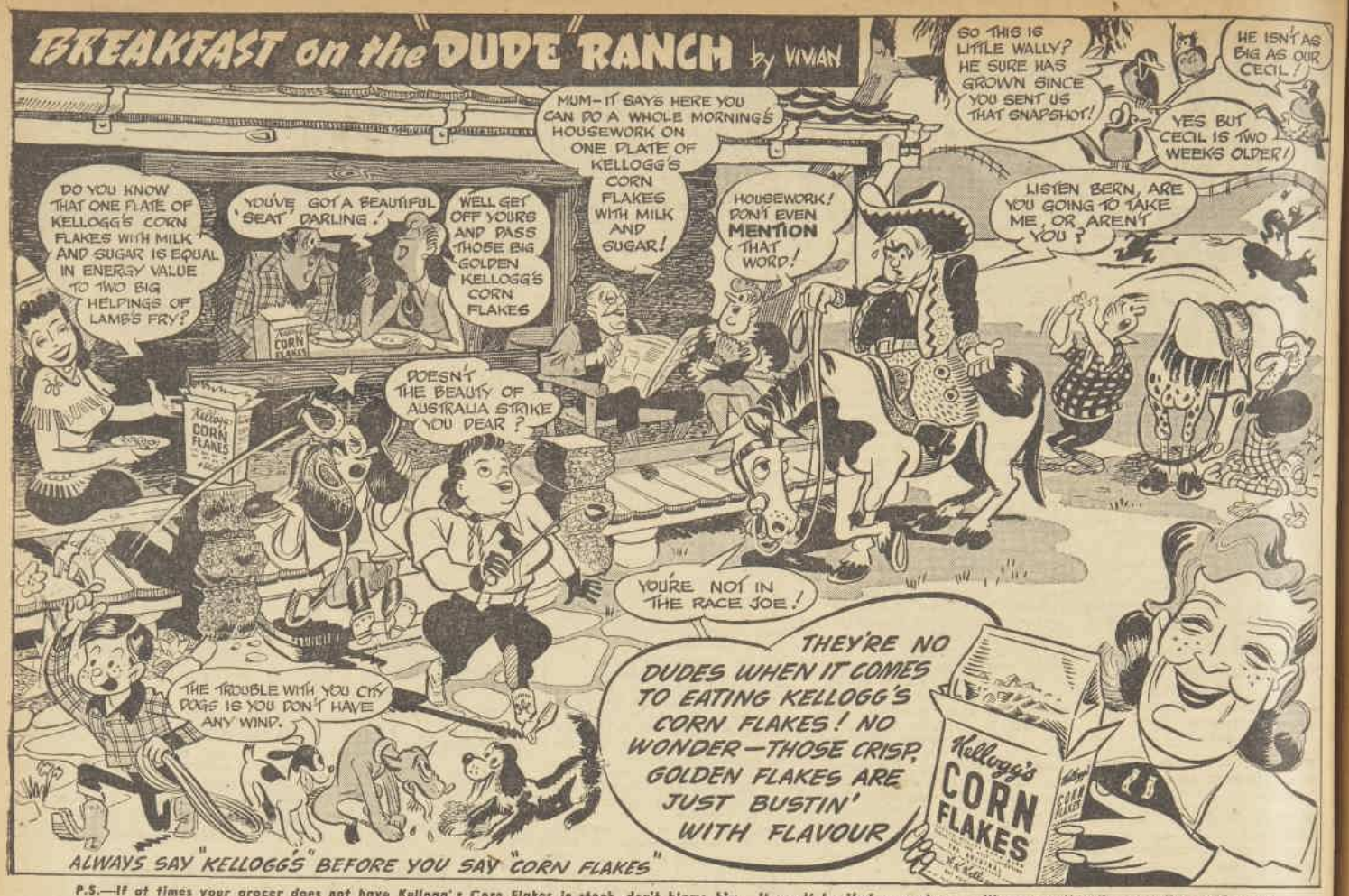

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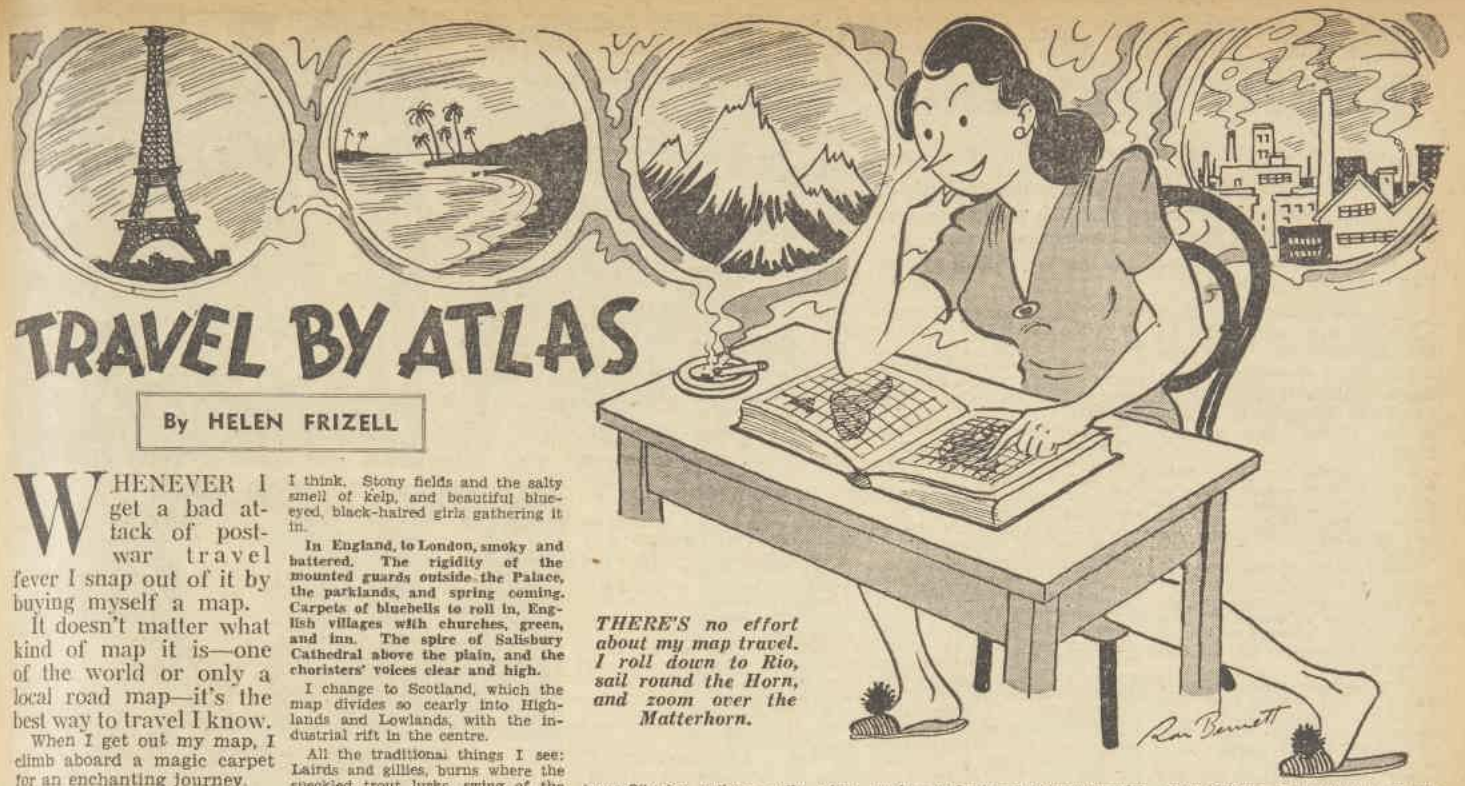

TRAVEL BY ATLAS

By HELEN FRIZELL

THERE'S no effort about my map travel. I roll down to Rio, sail round the Horn, and zoom over the Matterhorn.

WHENEVER I get a bad attack of post-war travel fever I snap out of it by buying myself a map.

It doesn't matter what kind of map it is—one of the world or only a local road map—it's the best way to travel I know.

When I get out my map, I climb aboard a magic carpet for an enchanting journey.

There, before me, is the world as I know it, in romance, history, fiction, and fact—and the time as far as I'm concerned could be now or centuries past.

Imagination is given full play, and there are no strings attached to my Cook's tour.

With my map I bog myself down in swamps (marked by spiky symbols), and I climb over Alpine peaks where the contour-lines huddle together.

There's no effort about it, that's the wonderful thing.

Actually, when I climb a small hill I puff and pant; but you ought to see the way I zoom over the Matterhorn or Popocatepetl.

If you're a map-happy traveller there are always alternate routes, no financial or ticket embarrassments.

At will I roll down to Rio or sail round the Horn, working my passage on a sailing-ship. The ship edges down the eastern coast of South America, and I eat weevily biscuits and plum duff for a treat—and we continue southward, southward, until giant blue-tinged icebergs drift menacingly past.

At the height of a tempest I watch the crew clinging to the rigging, the ship lurching violently, the decks awash with icy water. We miss icebergs by a whisker, and then, with tranquil music ringing in my ears, we come out of the storm into the blue Pacific.

Samoa is in sight. Only a few dots in a mass of blue on the map, but to me—Robert Louis Stevenson, coral reefs, and confused memories of Ballantyne . . . Natives sliding down slippery, worn rocks into deep, cold pools, or hurling themselves from heights into the rock-strewn, whirling pool at the foot of a waterfall.

Whizzing over to Europe calms me down. I'll go to Ireland, Connemara, I think. Stony fields and the salty smell of kelp, and beautiful blue-eyed, black-haired girls gathering it in.

In England, to London, smoky and battered. The rigidity of the mounted guards outside the Palace, the parklands, and spring coming. Carpets of bluebells to roll in, English villages with churches, green, and inn. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral above the plain, and the choristers' voices clear and high.

I change to Scotland, which the map divides so cearly into Highlands and Lowlands, with the industrial rift in the centre.

All the traditional things I see: Lairds and gillies, burns where the speckled trout lurks, swing of the kilt, and Princes Street, Edinburgh, in the gloaming. They give me bannock and shortbread, and by the fire one night the real Scotch (pardon, Scots) broth.

In Wales I lose myself several times, for the spelling is queer on the signposts, and the women in some of the villages with their witches' pointed hats and red cloaks do not seem real.

Up from the mines come the men, singing in pure harmony as they separate to their homes.

Yes, Wales is different. But so is France. There are long, straight roads, poplar-lined, wide boulevards, and cafes in the open air. There is history—Richelieu and Marie Antoinette, and Empress Eugenie. Gaiety and gloom alternately.

On my map journey the world has not been touched by war. Towns are still there, lying in quiet backwaters, everyone comes and goes without restriction. And I see the races of man without any political boundaries.

And although I can't speak Tibetan or Gaelic, I manage quite well.

The food is marvellous at the places where I go. In France I buy a roll, arm length, and lashings of butter, and I drink coffee better than I have ever tasted.

In America I taste all the recipes I have ever read in American magazines. Clam chowder and gumbo, queer mixtures of cream with salty tastes, deep-dish pumpkin pie (or is it apple?), and Canadian maple sauce. Corn on the cob as we have it here, rolled in butter, pepper, and salt.

Austrian meals, and Chinese; everything has its turn. For in my journey I don't put on weight, and I can be as greedy as I like. I'm a gourmand.

The Russia I visit is the one of fifty years ago. St. Petersburg—a grey sky and blue and pink domes giving color and beauty. Or the other Russia, travelling across on the trans-Siberian railway, mile after mile — Omsk and Tomsk, lovely names, and Vladivostok.

Don't tell me Tibet is just ice and snow. I know that roses bloom in the valley, and giant rhododendrons.

(The only snag is that you can't have a bath in Tibet. I suppose I could if I melted some snow, but the natives prefer to rub themselves with rancid butter. It might be wise to join in.)

And then I'm back home following the waterways of Australia, or the chain of the Dividing Range. Going to towns called Meekatharra, Coolangatta, and Warrnambool. Seeing the black markings of railway lines forking and branching—coming in from all over the State, and joining with the suburban lines. The lines which bring us to work each day, and take us home.

It takes effort to push into the suburban trains, and gain a toehold. Take my advice, and travel without discomfort. Buy a map.

New silhouettes at Paris parades

Radioed from Paris by BETTY WILSON

Christian Dior—who last season was an anonymous designer with the great house of Lucien Lelong—is now a fixed star in the Paris dress world.

HIS first collection was an unqualified success. Dior has succeeded in doing what no other designer has done in these collections. He has made up his mind.

There is no indecision about Dior's collection. He presents two silhouettes—"Corolla" and "Figure Eight"—and doesn't deviate from them.

He has adopted a definite skirt length. He has declared his affection for wool—even for spring and summer—and he gives his colors in order of preference.

Dior's first collection is a perfect crystallisation of the strong feeling here for a new glorification of femininity.

Here are the slim, emphasised waistlines, the softly emphasised hips which Paris knows as the "1946-47."

But it is subtly and beautifully done, and presented by mannequins who are perfectly turned out down to the last detail—coiffeurs (their hair dressed up to a knot of little curls to give them the tiny flower-like head of a Josephine or Madame Tallien), gloves (long, plain, soft suede ones either creamy yellow, pastel, or sooty black), bags (fine tan or black leather or crocodile, but always severely plain), and jewellery (pearls, malachite, and crystal chokers, coupled with rose or topaz beads).

Their hats came from Maud and Nanon, Sygur, and Maud Roser.

Enchanting were little double berets — rather like cockleshells—which were tied on with black chiffon scarves knotted under the chin.

Like shells, too, were the shallow variations of a Chinese rickshaw-man's hat.

Some were black or navy blue, lined with white, or with Dior's startling magenta, which he calls "screaming red"; others in natural straw untrimmed, sprinkled with a few silver sequins, or birds'-nests with fluffy pink roses.

Robert Piguet, Pierre Balmain, and Christian Dior make up the big three who have declared their preferences for subdued colors.

This spring will see much beige, much grey. There is a lovely cream, a deeper creamy beige which is rather like crushed bananas, and all the softer tones of yellow.

Other more vivid colors run through the bougainvillea reds and purples.

Dior's new blue is a deep soft blue—twilight rather than night.

He calls it "Paris blue."

Dior's two new silhouettes can be added to a long list of silhouettes which have been launched or revived this spring.

His figure eight sums up the new feminine curves. An eight pencilled in over a fashion drawing gives the idea of rounded bosom, tiny waist, and rounded hips.

To visualise the corolla line, take one half-opened flower and hold it upside down.

The calyx represents the stem, closely fitting bodice, waist and hips; the petals, the skirt, which flowers out often in soft unpressed pleats from a sleekly fitting hip-line.

Jeanne Lanvin launches a new "femme fatale" line with the whirlpool silhouette.

It is used for long, slinky black dinner dresses, where fringe or a flounce twists upward from a hobble hem to the shoulder to give this corkscrew line.

There is the "barrel" line shown by Maggie Rouff, who captures it with subtle hip tucks; the "gipsy" line achieved with shawl or drapery of net over the hips, and Jacques Fath's "washerwoman" skirt.

It's fun, and becoming, consisting of tucked-up drapes over a pleated underskirt.

Half the designers of Paris are standing by the skir' which reaches just below the knees. The other half are for definitely longer skirts.

There are comparatively few prints, but Worth shows some magnificent ones, including one based on Australian gum blossoms, clematis, and gum leaves.

Materials include silks, twills, a new rayon with a linen weave, much linen, much corduroy velvet and whipcord, a new rayon which has a suedelike finish, chiffon, mousseline, superb brocades, and wool, wool, wool.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

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Stars find producing has many knotty problems

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Ambitious Hollywood stars who play the dual role of actor and producer are finding that the production side of making a picture has many headaches.

The solution of the tricky problems that keep turning up costs them quite a lot of sleep.

SO much so that they look back with amusement to the time when they were only stars taking orders from producers, and muttering: "Some day I will be a producer, give all the orders, make all the money."

Robert Young, just back from location in Arizona, where he produced the film "Three Thoroughbreds," as well as playing the star part, has plenty to say on the subject.

"Being producer certainly has its good points, but right now I am tired and can only think of the good old days when for 15 years I was just an actor who finished a day's work and went home to my wife and four daughters.

"Now after the day's shooting I stay to see the previous day's work in the projection room, consult with the director about the coming day's work, and untangle knotty problems.

"On location we had our bad moments.

"We had started shooting on the desert when I was told by the assistant director that they were unable to find an abandoned gold mine which was highly necessary to our script.

"After a day's searching, I personally located a suitable mine, then found I would need to lease it from the owner.

"Well, the owner was in Montana.

"I called long distance and found out he had sold the property to a man in New Mexico.

"I finally tracked down the new owner and got permission to shoot a scene in the mine, and returned to studying my script again.

"Problems like this arise every day. The producer is responsible for feeding, housing, and transporting the entire crew when locationing."

Bob is still amazingly youthful, despite 15 years of picture-making, and believes one good thing about producing his own picture is being able to choose his own leading lady.

"Believe me, that is quite a break. Marguerite Chapman is a wonderful actress and a thoroughly good sport. She had a hard time in the desert sun, but never lost her sunny disposition."

John Wayne is another star starting his producing career with a Western "Angel and the Outlaw."

PRODUCING as well as starring in "Angel and the Outlaw" keeps John Wayne busy. Here he is with Harry Carey in one of the scenes from the film.

He also trekked to Arizona and ran into production problems.

Lanky John said that finding 800 head of cattle for a stampede scene posed a problem, but he finally bought the necessary steers, then found that most of his spare time consisted of rounding up recalcitrant bovines who insisted on wandering away.

"Two hundred completely vanished into thin air before we got our scenes shot, and it took two days to round up others.

"The hardest part about being producer is lack of sleep. While the other actors in the cast retire to blissful slumber, I must study cost sheets, see daily rushes of the previous day's work, and plan a shooting schedule for the next day.

"The producing game is fascinating, but it certainly calls for every ounce of energy, especially when combined with acting."

Orson Welles bears out that statement. Complete exhaustion after three months' shooting on "Lady From Shanghai," starring his wife, Rita Hayworth, has caused Orson to close down production for a week while he gets some much-needed rest.

It seems there is no limit to the work which ambitious actors take on their own shoulders.

Orson wrote, directed, and acted in this film, but the latest work from the Chaplin Studios indicates that the comedian has gone one better than Welles.

Not only did Charlie write, direct, produce, and star in his new film, "Monsieur Verdoux," but he wrote the musical score, too.

Other star producers are the husband and wife team of Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard, Douglas Fairbanks Productions, and Gary Cooper.

Joan Bennett and her husband, Walter Wanger, head Diana Productions.

Mary Pickford announced this week that she would produce a series of Bernard Shaw plays with Gabriel Pascal.

HAPPY picture by Nat Dallinger of Robert Young and his wife. Robert finds producing much more exhausting work than acting, but likes being able to choose his own leading lady.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his wife dine out. Charlie writes, directs, and produces his new film, "Monsieur Verdoux," and in addition he has composed the entire musical score.

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PT.9.26

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ THE BEGINNING OR THE END

IN making this spectacular film MGM cashed in on the biggest news story of all time, with the biggest publicity any scientific discovery has ever had.

The studio took upon itself the great task of dramatising on the screen the making of the atom bomb and its destruction of Hiroshima.

To tell that story MGM have made a quite justifiable departure from fact in swinging the timing of events to heighten the drama.

Scientists who saw a preview of this film in U.S.A. were shocked by what they considered Hollywood's frivolous approach.

Their reaction is understandable. For Hollywood has introduced a typical celluloid plot, with the hero giving his life to save thousands as the grand climax.

It is surprising even Hollywood could not see that this artificial sacrifice—a death caused through gross personal carelessness—would jar on nerves already stretched to almost unbearable tension by the factual drama of the bomb's creation.

The excuse is that it may give the film wider appeal. Thousands more people may see it than had it been a documentary, and it is a film that should be seen by everyone.

It stirs again all the reactions we felt when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima in 1945.

In a prologue we are shown a copy of "The Beginning or the End" being buried under a giant redwood in California, to be dug up in the 25th century. The urgent message of the film is addressed to the people of that era.

If MGM took the making of the film as seriously as this they should have taken it seriously enough to omit those fictitious scenes.

Direction by Norman Taurog and production by Samuel Marx keep the film moving quickly, building to its terrific climax with the fierce, white light of the explosion lighting the airmen's faces over Hiroshima.

Tom Drake gives a fine portrayal of the young scientist whose conscience smites him and who finally gives his life to prevent premature explosion of the bomb.

Other acting honors go to Godfrey Tearle as Roosevelt, Brian Donlevy as Major-General Groves, and Robert Walker as Colonel Jeff Nixon. —St. James; showing.

★★★ THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

SURE-FIRE laughs that Harold Lloyd gained by his inimitable performance in "The Milky Way" will come again for Danny Kaye in his interpretation of the same part in the RKO release of Samuel Goldwyn's lavish technicolor production. Danny doesn't miss a beat and there is plenty of him.

It is hard to say which is more improbable, the lavish dairy in which part of the plot is set, or the plot itself. But it doesn't matter anyway. You'll be so busy laughing you won't care a hoot. Polly Pringle is played by Virginia Mayo with more than adequate skill, and she sings pleasantly.

The Goldwyn Girls, Fay Bainter, Steve Cochran all do well.—Regent; showing.

★★ OF HUMAN BONDAGE

ABOUT twelve years ago, Warners starred Bette Davis in the film adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel, and this time the lovely but less able Eleanor Parker has the top feminine role.

She is Mildred Rogers, the London waitress whose mean, vicious little character has gone down in film annals as one of the worst ever brought to the screen. Her influence on the sensitive, crippled artist doctor (Paul Henreid) is stressed, but the censor's hand is very apparent. Miss Parker gives a good account of herself as Mildred, though she could never reach the Davis standard. Henreid is good and Alexis Smith shows up in a small part, and so does Janis Paige. —Plaza; showing.

★ SO DARK THE NIGHT

THE plot revolves round the split personality of a Parisian police inspector; a clever sleuth by day, a maniacal killer by night. This is a difficult, unconvincing part, and Steven Geray fails to give it even the amount of tragic sympathy it deserves.

Produced by Ted Richmond and released by Columbia, it gives a faithful picture of the French and their surroundings. Specially good work is done by cameraman Burnett Guffey. Even good direction by Joseph Lewis cannot quite overcome the weakness in the script itself.—Capitol; showing.

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Remember—if your rheumatic pains are due to sluggish kidneys, De Witt's Pills may be the one thing you need.

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1 BRILLIANT VIOLINIST Paganini (Stewart Granger), hoping to earn enough money to visit Parma for contest, agrees to play outside prison where father of Jeanne de Vermond (Phyllis Calvert) is a political prisoner.

2 SUCCESS AT CONTEST brings fame to Paganini, and Jeanne, with whom he has fallen in love, invites him to play at big reception at her home. Inattention of guests angers Paganini, who quarrels with Jeanne.

THE MAGIC BOW

IN filming the life story of the famous violinist Paganini, Gainsborough (GBD) employed modern violinist Yehudi Menuhin to play the many solos which are heard.

Stewart Granger, who stars in the film, learned to finger and bow so that his movements would synchronise with the music played by Menuhin.

Compositions by Paganini, Beethoven, and Tartini are included in some of the sequences, and the musical direction was by Louis Levy.

The story was adapted from the novel "The Magic Bow," by Manuel Korroff.

3 REGRETTING HIS ANGER Paganini again meets Jeanne, but her parents do not approve and take her to Paris.

4 CHILDHOOD FRIEND and now famous singer Bianchi (Jean Kent) accompanies Paganini on travels in Europe.

5 INVOLVED IN DUEL in Paris with Jeanne's fiance Paul (Denis Price), Paganini is wounded. Thinking that Jeanne no longer loves him, he refuses to return to concert playing when he recovers from the duel.

6 SUMMONS FROM THE POPE for Paganini to appear at the Vatican makes him agree to play again. He meets Jeanne, who has been persuaded by generous Bianchi to break her engagement to Paul, and they are reunited.

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"Beautiful," smiled Violet.

"And your skin——"

"My skin, I know, is wonderful. For I MADE it so. Come." And drawing him to his feet they whirled in to the dance.

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A GOOD and varied collection of pastry recipes, a light hand with the dough, a quick hot oven—are all you need to produce dishes as appetising and attractive as those pictured here.

Don't limit your pastry-making to shortcrust. It's good and reliable we know, but there are so many other varieties which, combined with a little ingenuity and imagination, can result in dishes fit for a king.

Here are just a few you'll enjoy trying:—

SAVORY BEEF pinwheels make a wholesome luncheon or dinner novelty served with shredded cabbage and grated carrot. Glazed fruit tart, cheese biscuits, and autumn leaves are also interesting pastry uses.

BEEF PINWHEELS

(This quick puff pastry is so easy to prepare.)

Quick Puff Paste: Eight ounces self-raising flour, 6oz. shortening (good beef fat or margarine), good pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients, cut shortening into small pieces and cut through the flour with a sharp knife. Mix into a pliable dough with the milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, divide into two. Roll each portion thinly to an oblong shape.

Meat Mixture: One tin luncheon beef, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 level tablespoon finely minced onion, 2 tablespoons thick tomato puree.

Pound meat thoroughly with all other ingredients, mixing well. Spread thinly over pastry oblongs. Brush edges of pastry with milk. Roll into a long, thin roll, beginning to roll from the longest side of the pastry. Cover with waxed paper, place in refrigerator or ice-chest ½ hour. Cut into 1in. slices, place cut side down on greased oven-tray. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in very hot oven (475deg. F.). Serve piping hot with or without brown vegetable sauce.

GLAZED FRUIT TART

(A crisp, crumbly, sweet biscuit pastry, fine for tartlets, too.)

Biscuit Pastry: Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine or good beef fat, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 3 tablespoons milk.

Fruit Filling: Two cups cold stewed fruit, ½ cup fruit syrup, 1 level teaspoon gelatine.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Cut off a small portion to make pastry leaves—roll balance to fit 7in. tart-plate. Line tart-plate, brush with milk or water. Prick centre well to prevent bubbling. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Using a pattern cut from cardboard, shape pastry leaves, brush with milk, and bake separately on oven-slide. Place cold fruit into cold pastry-case. Heat syrup with gelatine over boiling water until gelatine dissolves. When cool and beginning to thicken, spoon over fruit. Place cooked pastry leaves in position, decorate with mock or whipped cream. Serve thoroughly chilled.

QUICK CHEESE BISCUITS

(Use shortcrust scraps for biscuits.)

Four ounces shortcrust pastry (or left-over pieces), ½ to ¾ cup dry grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, cayenne pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

. . . By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts.

Roll pastry thinly, brush with beaten egg-yolk and lemon juice. Cover with grated cheese, pressing lightly on to pastry with knife-blade. Sprinkle with lemon rind and cayenne. Cut into shapes with sharp knife or cutter. Place on oven-slide and bake 8 to 10 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.). Store in air-tight tin when cold.

MORNAY CHOKO FLAN

(The piquant flavor of cheese pastry pairs well with the bland flavor of chokoes.)

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 3oz. dry grated cheese, 3 tablespoons water, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a firm dough with water, egg-yolk, and lemon juice. Roll and line flan tin.

Filling: Four medium chokoes, 1 cup white sauce, breadcrumbs, 2 extra tablespoons grated cheese.

Peel chokoes thinly, slice or cut into cubes. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, fold into white sauce; season with salt and cayenne. Fill into pastry-case, top with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Place in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and bake a further 20 minutes. Serve piping hot.

AUTUMN LEAVES

(Use biscuit pastry for sweet ones, shortcrust for the savory type).

Four ounces shortcrust pastry or biscuit pastry, savory or sweet filling.

Savory Filling: Quarter cup very thick white sauce flavored with anchovy, pounded luncheon meat, meat extract or flaked cooked fish.

Sweet Filling: Quarter cup mock cream flavored with chocolate, coffee essence, or passionfruit pulp.

Roll pastry thinly, cut into leaves, using a cardboard pattern. Brush with egg or milk, bake on flat tray in hot oven (450deg. F.) 8 to 10 minutes. When cold, sandwich with sweet or savory filling.

Make baby's hair grow curly

Curlypet

c.t.

If far from town send postal note or stamps to Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 270 Little Collins St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS

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SMALL patty cakes set in brightly colored jelly, decorated with peach slices and cream, make an attractive and refreshing warm-weather sweet.

FISH SOUFFLE
. . . wins prize

● These appetising dishes come from readers in four States, and first prize this week goes to a Victorian for a fish souffle.

FRESH fish may be preferred to the cod or barracouta specified, but either way it's a fine dish for mid-week luncheon guests, or for week-end family suppers.

A special treat for the children is a variation of their favorite jellied sweet, small cakes set in jelly and decorated to resemble sunflowers. An excellent way of using left-over cake.

BOSTON SOUFFLE

One pound smoked cod or barracouta, lemon, parsley, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and cayenne to taste, 1 scant cup milk, 1 cup water (use water in which fish has been cooked), 2 eggs, grate of nutmeg.

Wash fish well, cover with cold water, bring to boil, strain. Add fresh cold water, slice of lemon, sprig of parsley; bring to boil and simmer 15 to 20 minutes until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Strain, cool, flake. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 1 minute. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Remove from heat; add egg-yolks, nutmeg, cayenne, salt, and lemon juice to taste. Add flaked fish, and, lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in tin of hot water and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Must not be allowed to boil again, or lemon juice will cause curdling. Serve immediately with potatoes, greens, and (if liked) baked tomato halves.

First Prize of £1 to E. Mack, 5 Gordon Ave., Elwood, Vic.

CHEESE AND BACON SAVORY SNACKS

Stale bread, margarine or butter, fruit chutney, cooked bacon rashers or sliced ham, ½ cup grated cheese.

Cut bread into slices ¼in. thick. Remove crusts. Cut in half again. Spread each slice with melted margarine and a good teaspoonful of chutney. Cut bacon or ham into dice and pile on top of bread. Top with grated cheese. Place on greased slide, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) till bacon is crisp and cheese slightly browned. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

LEFT-OVER BREAD is an ideal base for these quick and easy savory snacks. Spread thickly with sweet chutney and topped with chopped bacon and cheese, they make a tasty and quickly prepared savory.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. McGeorge, 7 Tanners Ave., Kogarah, N.S.W.

SUNFLOWERS

Six small patty-cakes, 2 packets jelly crystals (orange or green), sliced peaches (tinned or fresh), mock cream, chocolate shot, jam.

Cut cakes in halves, spread with jam and sandwich together. Dissolve jelly crystals in ½ pints of hot water. Place ¼in. jelly in bottom of wetted dish. When almost set, arrange cakes on top. Pour remaining cold jelly over and round cakes until level with the top of cakes. Leave until jelly is almost set. Cut pieces of peach slices to resemble petals of sunflower, and arrange on top of each cake. Pour a little half-set jelly over peaches and leave till quite firm. Decorate centre of each flower with a little whipped cream topped with chocolate shot to represent centre of sunflower. Serve thoroughly chilled with cream or cold egg-custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. K. Jeffries, 36 Erina St., Launceston, Tas.

GOLDEN APPLE LOAF

Half pound sliced apples, ½ cup golden syrup, 3oz. margarine or butter, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, ½ cup sour milk, 1 egg.

Simmer apples to pulp in golden syrup. Rub shortening into sifted flour and cinnamon. Add brown sugar, beaten egg, and milk in which bicarb. soda has been dissolved. Lastly, fold in stewed apples, mixing thoroughly. Place in 2 greased and lined 7in. sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, cover with lemon-flavored icing. May also be baked in a loaf-tin, sliced and buttered when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Hook, Box 82, Port Augusta, S.A.

CARAMEL FRUIT SALAD PIE

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, scant ½ cup water, squeeze of lemon juice. Filling: Two small apples, 2 small peaches, 2 bananas, 2 passionfruit, 2 or 3 fresh figs (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon sugar, little water, brown sugar.

Pastry: Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a firm dough with water and lemon juice. Knead slightly, roll to fit a 7in. tart plate, reserving sufficient pastry to cover top. Sprinkle greased tart plate with brown sugar, line with pastry. Fill with prepared fruit. Moisten edges and place pastry topping in position, pinching edges well together. Slit top to allow steam to escape. Brush with water, sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake in a hot oven, 15 to 20 minutes.

To prepare fruit filling: Simmer peeled and sliced apples with sugar and very small quantity of water. Add sliced bananas, passionfruit pulp, and peeled, diced figs. Cool before filling into tart.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Moorcroft, 23 Huntley's Pt. Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W.

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling

DESPUES DEL TOREO—LA MOSTAZA
(AFTER THE BULLFIGHT — MUSTARD!)

There is a lot of ceremony in Spain, especially in the bull ring. The picture above shows the matador, or bull fighter, tired after his eight-hour day in the arena, marching off to supper followed by his picador, or mustard bearer.

There is sound sense in this ceremony, for every matador knows that even the best bull is better as beef, and beef is better with KEEN'S MUSTARD. "Ah! Macanudo Macanudo" or "Good on yer!"

KS/127

New Energy.... New Health
THAT WINS ADMIRATION

Mineral concentrates in BIDOMAK create new, rich, red blood cells, build nervy, run-down men and women into fit, vigorous personalities. Make this 14 days, no-risk test and prove it for yourself.

Don't you envy those bright people who are always popular and full of vitality? If you feel you are slipping in social life and at work, if fatigue and listlessness, lack of confidence and pep, are holding you back, BIDOMAK is guaranteed to build you up. New powerful energy, new sparkling health, are within your grasp.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

A mineral deficiency in the blood is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fag, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals, the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added catalytic copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed.

DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN

Wentworth Falls.
"I have taken BIDOMAK since you first placed it on the market, whenever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."
(Sgd.) (Miss) Elizabeth Callaghan.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn St., Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK today.

3/-

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY
Bidomak
FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING

MENTHOIDS
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MENTHOIDS
contain Thionine—the great system cleanser.
MENTHOIDS
for Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney-Bladder Weaknesses and High Blood Pressure.
Month's treatment with Diet Chart, 6/6, or 12-day flask, 3/6, at chemists or stores.

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WHEN YOU BUY FOR BABY···BUY NYAL

Among the 168 dependable Nyal Family Medicines there is a complete series of products specially intended for infants and "tender age" children. Like all Nyal medicines, these products must pass exacting laboratory tests to ensure purity and effectiveness. For your protection the formula of every Nyal product is plainly printed on the package. That is why your Chemist can recommend Nyal medicines with confidence, because he knows just what each one contains and what it is intended to do.

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NYAL BABY SOAP

Specially made for Baby's tender skin, Nyal Baby Soap is pure, mild and delicately perfumed. Contains soothing Lanolin. Adults, too, find it a luxurious complexion soap—11d.

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NYAL BABY POWDER

After Baby's bath use this fine, smooth powder. Actually *reunts* moisture — prevents chafing. Antiseptic, soothing, refreshing. Make sure it's *Nyal* Baby Powder—1/3½.

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Made to a formula specially designed for babies. Contains wholesome and effective ingredients in pleasant-tasting syrup — 1/6d.

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Ask for "Nyal" when you buy Milk of Magnesia. You can be sure of its quality. Its pleasant flavour makes it easy for baby to take — Regular or Sweetened — 1/6d.

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Promptly relieves nervous and digestive disorders caused by teething. Nyal Teething Powders are safe and effective. 1/- for 12 powders.

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A safe, mild laxative for babies. It restores normal bowel action gently and effectively. Pleasant tasting — 1/6d.

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BACKS . . . *to the fore*

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

IT'S easy to put your best face forward, but your figure is an all-round business, and "the one with the lovely back" is definitely the woman of the fashion hour.

You wear for the first time one of the new bare-backed, strapless party dresses, and suddenly become very critical of the backward look.

You also begin to wonder why it is you've never before realised—at least not since you were very young and constantly reminded of the fact—that such things as fly-away shoulder-blades need flattening; that huddled necks need straightening; and that sharp, shoulder-top angles need eliminating; and how they've managed to elude your raking, self-critical eye for so long.

Then, as a logical follow-on, this horrid thought is likely to set you brooding: were yours the only eyes to overlook those things?

Even when you were dressed to the teeth and exuding fashion-rightness did you present anything but a graceful back to the beholder?

The fact is—let's face up to ourselves and our shortcomings—current fashions take a deal of coping with, and it's a very smart woman who knows when to adopt a trend, and when to leave it alone.

You have a slender, embraceable waist; by all means play it up with a sharply nipped-in jacket, with its hour-glass implication. Or a firm, high bosom; the trapeze, the sweetheart, the milkmaid, or slashed-to-waist necklines were meant for the young and the brave. Or perhaps a smooth, symmetrical back—then the strapless, torso-hugging trend is very lovely, very flattering.

But that puts us right back where we started. Remember? We can't, alas, boast about our present showing, but we are certainly going to do something about it, with special exercises demonstrated in the illustrations, and applied tactics, explained below.

By practising the one and faithfully carrying out the other at all times, such every-day problems are overcome.

Tactics (first part): Unless you come by it naturally, and that's rare because the area is extra oily, a marble-smooth, unblemished vista of skin from bra-top to brow-line starts in the bath-tub where back, neck, and arms get a brisk circulation pick-up with soap and water, plus brush or sponge or facecloth. The salt rub is good, too, for texture, and the friction of bath-towel rub-down.

HAIR swept completely off the neck-nape, not a strap to break the shoulder curve in this perfect sample of the decollete vogue.

Comes make-up (cream, liquid, or concrete) in an uninterrupted sweep, body and face alike, lighter on arms else your escort will protest.

Tactics (second part): Stand easily upright, eyes straight ahead. Try to imagine a line running down each side of your neck, from ear-lobe to inner edge of the collar-bone.

Now, with both arms dropped naturally to the sides, get the centre armtop on a level with that imaginary downward line; this is what it does: (a) puts the spine in correct position, lifting and moulding the bustline without conscious effort on your part; (b) levels off the chinline so that it is neither thrust forward too much nor yet doubled in; (c) flattens the shoulder-blades so they can't fly away; (d) conjures away that slight roll of flesh that will appear in exasperating fashion where you and bodice-top meet.

Over and above all this (and it really does not call for a great deal of effort on your part, does it?) there is one additional point to be made, and this is it: There is an art to wearing extreme decolletage. Surprisingly few of us have it. Some of us have probably forgotten it, and some—the very young—never knew it.

It is not just a matter of managing a mass of material. It is a grace of movement, a serenity of carriage, and it must be revived if these new-Victorian fashions are to be worn again with charm and distinction.

Latest overseas news stresses the importance of what is termed the new stance; in other words, the new way of walking and standing in order to wear the newest clothes successfully.

This new stance is definitely hippy, very much in tune with flared jackets and hippy dresses.

You get the effect by a combination of several things, one of which is a good shoulder-line held well back and balanced.

The in-between diaphragm is taut and as concave as you can possibly make it.

It's not exactly the straight-line-from-head-to-heels posture advocated by physical-culture experts, so best not discuss it with your girl children and risk confusion.

But it is very much of the fashion hour. Try it out in front of your full-length mirror, and see if it doesn't definitely do something for both your figure and your frock.

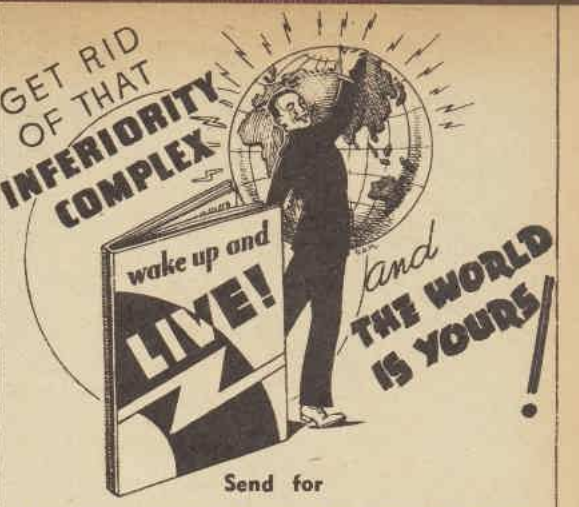
Perhaps, then, this will provide that added touch that will make your every appearance a grand entrance.

STAND ERECT, heels together, hands clasped into back of neck. Bend far back from waist, inhaling with backward bend, exhaling as you stand erect. From the upright position try to force elbows together in front, hold, then force back, hands firmly clasped throughout. Ten times daily.

STAND two feet away from a wall, facing it. Reach as high as you can on the wall, keeping arms straight. Without moving your feet or hands, lower your body until your chest touches the wall. Inhale deeply as you lower the body, exhale as you push away from the wall. Twelve times daily.

CLASP HANDS behind back, arms held straight down, rising on toes; keep shoulders back and down, at same time bringing head back until you are looking at the ceiling. Inhale as you bend backwards, exhale as you bring head and shoulders forward. Ten times daily.

Agents:
F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney



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THIS AMAZING FREE BOOK

It will show you how to

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- Remedy self-consciousness, blushing, stammering . . .
- Develop a bright, forceful and attractive personality . . .
- Cure physical fatigue and brain fag . . .
- Treble your efficiency and cultivate a perfect memory . . .
- Eat, sleep and relax for radiant health . . . to get well and stay well . . .
- Become a leader of others and succeed in your chosen line . . .
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Take the "IF" out of LIFE!

Life is a wonderful word, but most people see only the two middle letters—always there is that "if." But when you send for this inspiring free book you turn those "ifs" into CERTAINTIES!

Most of the mental and physical ills which take the joy and sparkle out of living are directly traceable to negative forces deep down in the Subconscious Mind. Inferiority Complex alone is responsible for an incalculable waste of health, happiness, and personal efficiency. By showing you how to eradicate these negative forces which stunt and cripple the entire personality, the modern science of Applied Psychology literally opens the door to LIFE. If you are only half-happy, half-well, half-successful—if you are disappointed or dissatisfied with your present circumstances—then NOW is the time to change the face of the future. A world-famous Home-Study Course will show you—in a few short months of fascinating study—how to overcome "nerves," depression, shyness, and lack of confidence, and become the radiant, forceful personality that Nature intended you to be.

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BRITAIN'S PERFECT PEN

FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY

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let's look into the meal-planning problem . . .

All master-chefs will tell you that cooking en casserole brings out the most delectable flavour . . . any dietitian will prove to you that food cooked in PYREX retains a greater percentage of goodness. The economy is evident . . . your fuel bill takes a downward dive when whole meals are cooked in the oven simultaneously. Add to this, the fact that low-cost, low-couponed cuts of meat are tasty and tender cooked in Pyrex.

And—Pyrex meals need no attention after they're in the oven . . . the eye-appealing, palate-tempting dishes are served straight from the oven to the table—no wasted heat or extra serving plates here . . . washing-up's *no burden, either*—there's just *one* Pyrex dish . . . and PYREX is cleaned in a jiffy!

Every genuine Agee Pyrex dish is guaranteed against breakage in oven use.

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Color magic in the home

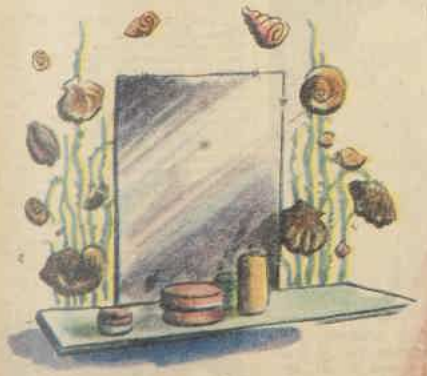
● **Give yourself, as well as your home, a colorful lift with your own hand decorating . . .**

● Outlined with an elegant picture frame, a wall recess for a bowl of flowers (shown left) makes a truly lovely wall decoration. Failing a recess, make a shallow box by boxing any suitable frame and attach to wall.

● So feminine and so pretty: Applique roses cut from cretonne or chintz on organdie, muslin, or any suitable fabric to make a lovely, decorative skirt for a dressing-table top; glue more rose motifs to the top door-panels as shown in picture (varnish over with clear lacquer to make them dust-proof). And to finish the charming scheme, catch back-curtains with twin roses.

● Camouflage and charm: A drop-leaf dining-table, which pulls up under a window with fitted shelves to hold colorful pot plants, is a charming idea for the smallish apartment entirely lacking a view of any kind, or having a positively ugly outlook. And keep this in mind: When building or renovating your home install glass bricks instead of ordinary window glass to shut off a dreary outlook; erect shelves (as shown) for a colorful indoor garden.

● Some ideas for the small, informal lounge: If a divan, have attractive wall-cushions and book-shelf ends as shown; should the window be small try being different about it—frame with a stiffened frill of attractive plaid or any patterned fabric. Repeat pattern elsewhere in your room. Outline two of the cushions and frill lampshades as suggested. Smart, don't you think? (The plaid window frill could be backed with a very stiff milliner's canvas.)



● For originality and brightness in your bathroom: Paint green reeds on wall either side of mirror or cabinet and glue among these sea shells . . . so easy.

● To set off daughter's bedroom: Make a crisp frill of broderie anglaise to fit frame and tack or glue for firmness; finish with bow.

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Says **Bette Davis**

WARNER BROS. STAR in "A STOLEN LIFE"

Bare shoulders have come into the fashion picture again! And here's Hollywood's way to keep them soft and smooth . . . really lovely. Take a film star beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, and work its active lather well into your back and shoulders. As you pat dry with a soft towel your skin will take on fresh, new beauty. Don't let neglect rob you of romance! This gentle care will make *you* lovelier to-night!

Tests show 3 out of 4 complexions improve with Lux Toilet Soap

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

LT.193.26

Post-war reconstruction

More grace . . . more comfort . . . for more women! We're trying to make "Lady Ruth" garments more readily obtainable. To complete your post-war reconstruction picture, add the grace and the comfort of a superb "Charma" Brassiere.

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS

and **Charma** Underlift Brassieres

J.A.6

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S

ROCKS FORMING A BRIDGE are cleverly used as a rock garden filled with brilliant succulent and rock plants, making a mass of color reflected in the pool below.

Rock-plant culture...

● Late summer and early autumn are the times of the year when most rock-garden plants can be divided successfully. —says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

THIS applies particularly to those that flower early in spring and those that have finished their seasonal growth by late summer. Many succulents will be found in this class.

Autumn dividing and transplanting should begin early in March and continue until about mid-April. After that it is not advisable in districts subject to severe frosts.

It is essential that divided plants should be given ample time to re-establish themselves and make new roots to anchor themselves before the cold weather sets in.

When lifting plants for dividing, the best tool is a hand fork, not a spade or a hefty-handled trowel, if the plants are small.

To separate large clumps use two hand forks, one to hold the plant and the other to lever the roots apart. This is better than using a sharp spade, which often ruins the whole plant by hacking off tender roots.

The places where the divisions are to be planted should be well manured, dug over, and allowed to settle, particularly if the rockery is a show place in your garden. If the soil is on the heavy side, add some screened cinders which have been passed through a half-inch sieve, or some coarse sand or gravel. This will loosen and lighten it considerably.

A sprinkling of bone meal and some leafmould or rotted compost will suffice if old manure is not advisable or obtainable.

Such fertilisation will greatly rejuvenate worn-out ground in big rockery bays or round established shrubs where cultivation is difficult. The materials should be applied on the surface and raked in.

Keep all plants well watered after transplanting, and shade them for a week or more if the situation is exposed to full sunlight.

Most plants growing in tufts, tussocks or rosettes are lifted very easily and can be separated to single shoots. This applies to echevarias, stapelias, ajugas, primulas, heucheras, and geums.

Low carpeters like arenarias, drabas, dwarf gypsophilas and others can be lifted in masses like turf, and then broken into pieces. When handling tall varieties that need dividing, cut down the old wood and allow regrowth to spring from the base before lifting and dividing.

Trim up all broken roots with a sharp knife, and where runners or surface roots are encountered pin them down with wire pegs. Division is one of the easiest, most practical, and safest ways to increase plant material for the rock garden.

DENTAL DECAY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

VARIOUS causes contribute to the widespread tendency to dental decay, even in very early childhood.

Ranking first among causes of early decay is a deficiency of calcium and other important mineral salts in the system, often as the result of faulty pre-natal diet, as well as in the child's own diet.

The faulty construction of teeth before birth can never later be entirely rectified.

Another major cause of decay is an insufficiency of important protective vitamins (especially C and D) in the expectant mother's diet and in early childhood.

Lack of fresh air, sunshine, and a tendency to constipation, which are deterrents to a pure blood supply, from which the teeth are built, are important factors, too.

Wrong diet leads to early dental troubles. Too many sweet and starchy foods cause acidity. Instead the child should be given a good proportion of mouth-cleansing foods to teach good mastication as early as possible.

Another trouble-maker is lack of proper dental hygiene.

Cleanse your child's teeth thoroughly and regularly, and then teach it to become tooth conscious itself, so that after every meal it will not be happy until it has thoroughly cleansed mouth and teeth.

WINSOME Mary Walters, two-year-old daughter of Mrs. H. Walters, 3 East Crescent Street, McMahon's Point, Sydney, is sturdy and well-developed as a result of careful mothercraft upbringing.

A leaflet explaining how to guard against dental decay can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded with the request.

. . THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR **HAIR**

Don't let dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory."

Finger-tip massage with Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent dandruff, falling hair, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp.

BARRY'S **Tri-coph-erous** FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores

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Clea was a doll of style—
A knockout all along the Nile
Because she wore alluring slacks,
And creamed her face with NUTRO-WAX*

* A post-war beautifying cream that miraculously banishes freckles, spots and blemishes, leaving the skin radiantly soft and lovely. An ideal powder base, too. 3/9 everywhere.

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Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches** and **Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy**, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop trouble at attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 5/-, 8/-.

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Guaranteed for **Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.**

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American

LAYER CAKE WITH HARVEST MOON FROSTING

Two cups self raising flour, containing Aerophos, ½ level teaspoon salt, 4 ozs. butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 level teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, separated, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt twice. Soften butter without melting; add sugar and lemon rind and beat to a smooth cream. Beat in egg yolks. Stir in the sifted flour alternately with the milk. Fold in thoroughly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into two well greased layer tins (8 inch diameter) and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F) for twenty minutes or bake in two tins for 30 minutes. When cold sandwich the cakes together with filling and cover with frosting. Suggested filling:—Mash three bananas and whip with 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon brown sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Half cup whipped cream and half cup chopped nuts and cherries may be added.

Harvest Moon Frosting:—Whisk 2 egg whites, ½ cup white sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup cold water and a pinch salt over boiling water until the mixture forms a peak, about 7 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¼ cup chopped nuts. Swirl over cake and decorate with toasted nuts and candied fruit.

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L46/12

EASY CLEANING for the owner of these marquisite curtains, cotton bedspread and chair, all coated with koroseal, one of the new plastics.

KOROSEAL coats this wall covering and the printed linen curtains. The lounge is also of koroseal, which looks like leather, but wears longer.

Plastics will lighten housework

● When plastic furnishing fabrics come freely on to the market in Australia, housewives will be able to indulge their longing for gay, light colors instead of buying drab tones because they are serviceable.

FOR the coming of plastics means the going of all cleaning worries. A light rubbing with a damp cloth will clean most household articles made of plastics, and a wash in luke-warm suds will make others look like new.

Garden furniture need not be rushed inside at every threat of rain, nor need there be any fear of the brightest sunshine fading it. The new fabrics will hold up under any circumstance.

These fabrics will completely change decorating; in fact, they will completely change the housewife's whole life by bringing a pleasant, cheery atmosphere of bright colors, with materials such as she has never seen before. Colors once shunned by the fastidious woman with help trouble, or who does all the housework alone, can now become a part of her existence.

They resist scratches, dirt, dust, mildew, rain, sun, and stains left by careless humans. They do not crack or peel, neither do they stretch, and they help the budget by long-lasting wear.

So far few plastic furnishing fabrics have come into Australia, and they are at a prohibitive price.

From America comes news of the names and uses of some of the plastic materials being made there.

One of the new materials, koroseal, is made of limestone, salt, and coke, which through a series of chemical reactions becomes a white powder. This powder is then mixed with other chemicals to produce a doughy mixture which is rolled into sheets of various weights, heavy, thin, transparent, or opaque, and can also be diluted to a thin, colorless liquid for coating on any fabric except acetate rayon.

There are more than 250 uses for it, from personal apparel to household items, or articles formerly made of leather, such as a dog's leash, luggage, or a golf bag.

Furniture covering, looking like leather but wearing better, chairs covered in linen coated with koroseal, walls of monk's cloth or French toile coated with the colorless plastic, drapes and curtains, either in the new koroseal material or a favorite material coated, are now in use in America.

One room with walls, chairs, lampshades, and drapes of materials coated with koroseal, all in light colors, has withstood wear for three years, yet looked clean and bright and held its appearance as though new.

Tersen, the foundation of which is a strong cotton fabric coated with plastic, is another plastic fabric which promises not to sag, get sticky, peel, or crack and is easy to clean. Used for furniture covering, it is in decorator colors. It looks like a pebble-grain leather, and has had severe tests in all climates.

For outdoor

THEN there is plexon, smooth to the touch, yet warm. It is specially treated cotton, rayon, or fibre glass woven into fabrics of many different weights. It, too, can be used for many household articles, and is suitable for outdoor furniture. It holds its shape and cleans easily.

Another soft, warm fabric is velon, which can be woven to look like brocade or satin, yet can be washed off with a damp cloth. It will come in lovely shades and designs for upholstery and draperies.

Airolite, a new curtain material, is easier to sew than other plastics, the secret being to use large stitches, a fine needle, and mercerised thread. With this material the amateur can make draperies by machine, or with a minimum of sewing; just pink the ends. It is an opaque plastic and is in an entrancing floral design, formal enough for the living-room. One American decorator has used this material as floor-to-ceiling draperies to divide one large room into several.

Another plastic-coated fabric is beautanol. It looks and feels like chintz and drapes in soft folds. It also can be cleaned with a damp cloth or laundered in

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ELEGANT, transparent curtains and solid-looking chairs are all koroseal, and are kept bright and new by rubbing lightly with a damp cloth.

likewarm suds. Waterproof, stain-resistant, and dust-proof, under normal conditions it will not crack, peel, or stiffen. Its patterns are of an interesting variety, and it is now available by the yard overseas.

Shower-curtains are also made of koroseal in designs to delight the eye. The latest is dancing ballerinas, and is introduced to attract the public away from the marine motives. A rinse under the shower cleans them off, and they last indefinitely. They are made in opaque plastic, and the designs are impregnated into the film to stay.

For wardrobes and lowboys, koroseal shows plastic-treated marquisite, to keep fresh and clean dresses, coats, hats, and shoes. Other manufacturers are also producing plastic wardrobe accessories, all transparent, so as to avoid the rummaging formerly necessary to find the right garment. And all are mothproof.

Research in plastics has now made it possible to have almost everything made of these new materials—window-shades, shelving, tablecloths, aprons, to name a few more not already mentioned. The possibilities of its uses are endless, not only for the home but for public places, too, where hard wear and cleaning are the problems.

Development of plastic materials for the home was interrupted by the war. It did not stop, but was merely diverted to war purposes, and plastics used for hospital tents and water-tanks were amazingly successful.

Nylon, although it differs from plastics in that it must be rinsed in warm suds, is another miracle material for household use. America is producing nylon marquisite, ninon, net, satin, taffeta, and jersey for curtains or for wearing apparel. It dries quickly, is dust-resistant, and needs no ironing.

A most important feature for housewives to know is whether plastic materials are highly inflammable; and manufacturers in answer to this query state they are "fire retardant," meaning that they are non-combustible—do not flare up in flame, but burn slowly.

TERSON is another new plastic, used here for a chair covering, and easily kept clean by rubbing gently with a damp cloth.

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